
THE

RATIONAL HUMOURIST.

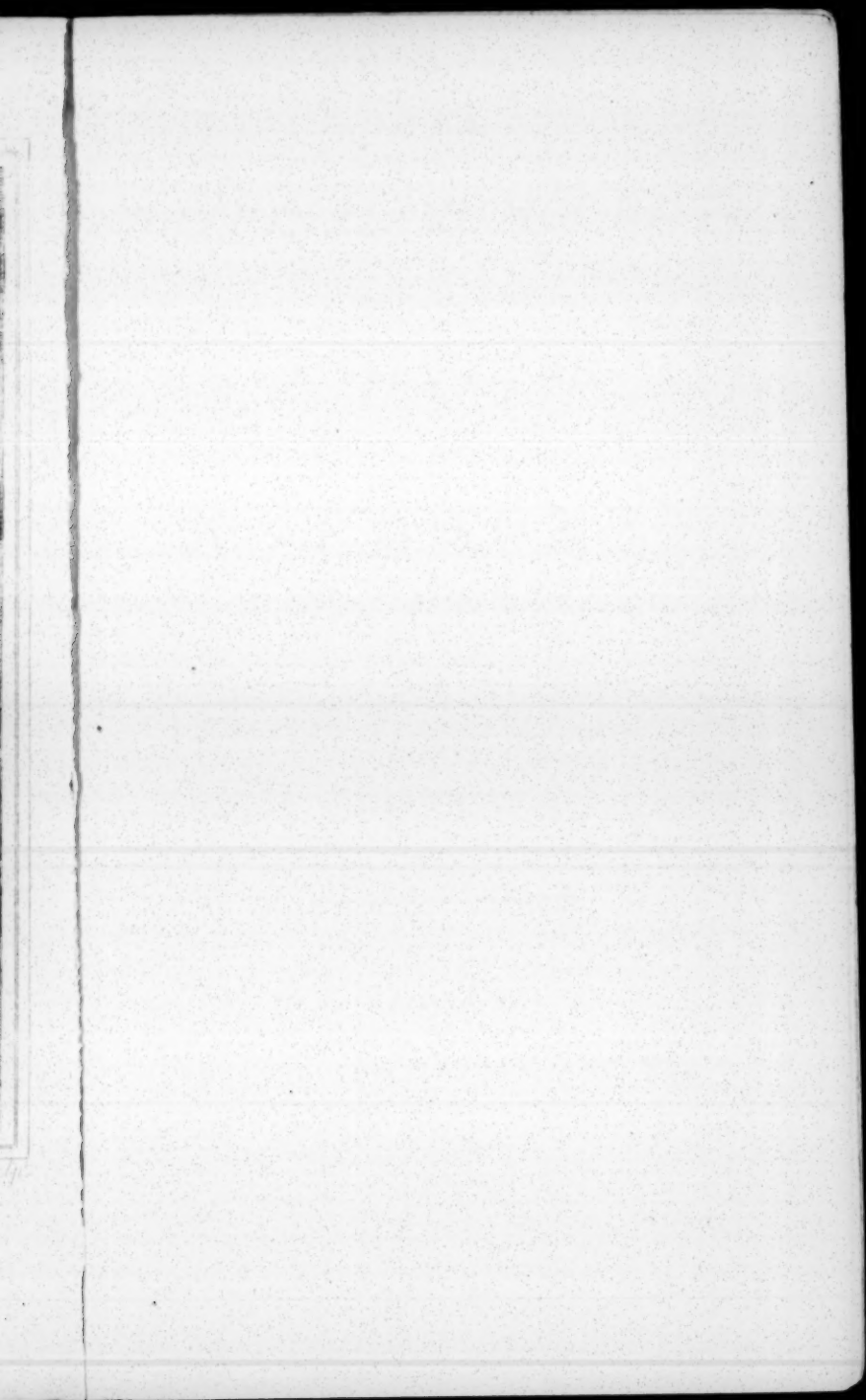
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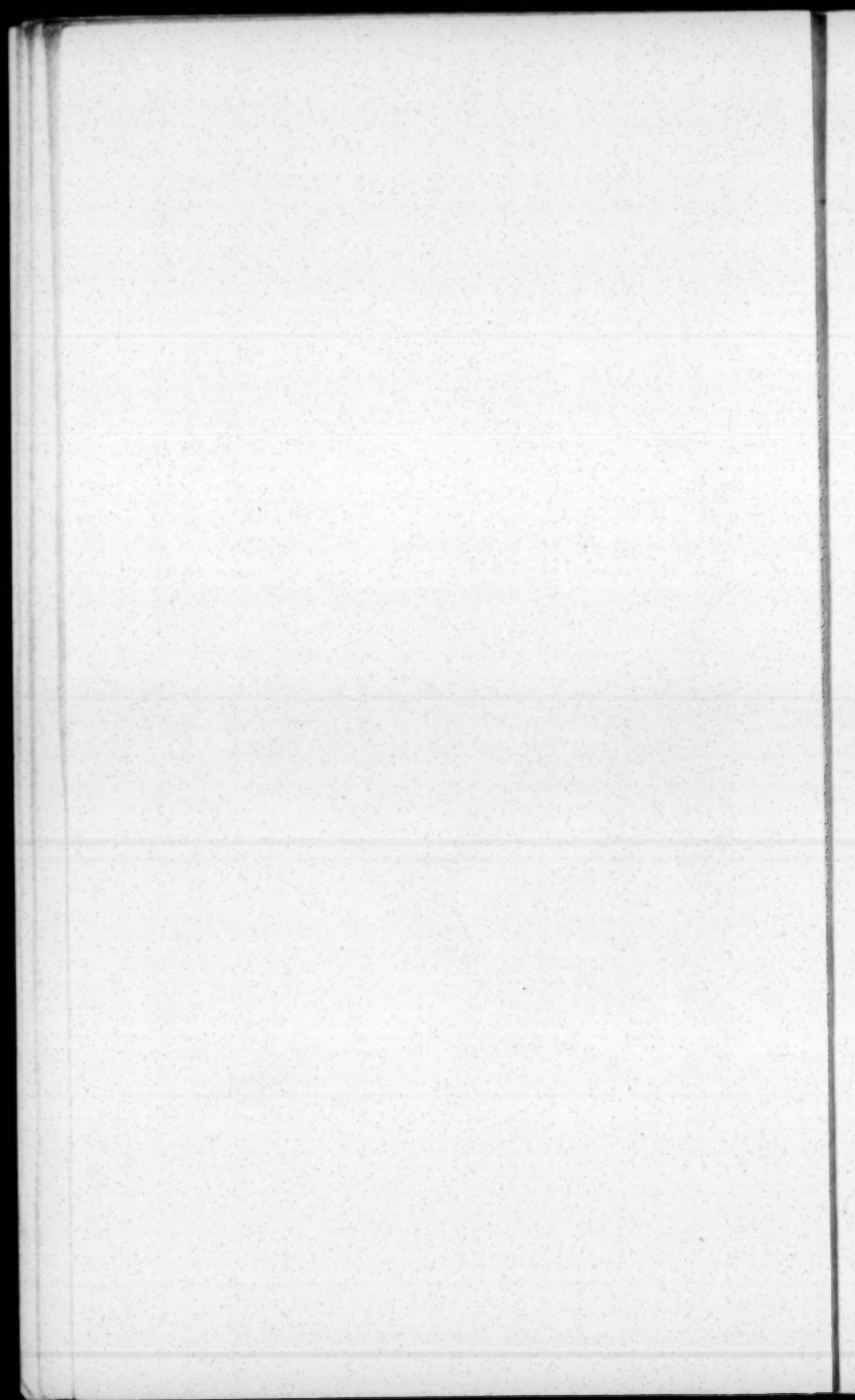


R. H. Saterwell del.

J. S. 21. sculp.

Published July 1. 1789. by Vernon & Hood, Foundry.





THE
RATIONAL HUMOURIST:

CONSISTING OF

A SELECTION

OF

A N E C D O T E S,

BON MOTS, &c.

ELEGANT, SENTIMENTAL,

AND

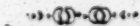
MIRTHFUL.



LONDON:

PRINTED FOR VERNOR AND HOOD,

No. 31, POULTRY.



1799.



PREFACE.

AT a time when so many Publications are daily coming forth, possessing the united qualities of Amusement and Instruction for youth, it surely cannot be deemed superfluous, to present the juvenile reader with a Pocket Companion, blending with Elegance and Sentiment, the delightful relaxation of innocent Mirth; a substitute for the dangerous mixture, too frequently, if not always, found in a Jest Book. The compiler is well aware many of his Anecdotes, or Bon Mots, are old, or (as is the usual term with those who read them in their unweeded state) *stale*; to those who delight in purchasing every six-pennyworth of immorality that issues from the Press, they certainly are; but it is presumed, there are thousands whose young minds have never been sullied by the perusal of the motley collection, to whom they will appear sweet, as they allow the charming indulgence of Laughter, the source of which, REFLECTION will not disapprove.

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THE
RATIONAL HUMOURIST.

IT was a frequent custom of a gentleman, not overburthened with politeness, to obtrude himself on his friends, without any regard to time or place, and, of course, when they could often have dispensed with his company. To one he was particularly troublesome; and, though generally forbidden the house, on the plea of the absence of the master, he would always excuse himself by one of the following evasions, and so get admittance; when he would stay till the master or mistress chose to make their

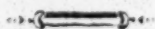
B appearance:

appearance:—" Oh! not at home! well, " I'll just step in and talk a little to the " children;" or, " I'll just step in and " play with the parrot;" or, " I'll just " step in and set my watch by the great " clock on the stair-case."—One morning, however, the servant was prepared for him; and, seeing him from the window advancing towards the house, opened the door at the moment he knocked, and keeping it nearly closed, said, pretty loudly, " my master and mistress are " both out; the children are asleep; the " parrot is dead; and the clock stands."



A poor monk went one day into a barber's shop, in Paris, and requested to be shaved, "*pour l'amour de Dieu*," (i.e.) " for the love of God." The barber, not being one of those who love to sacrifice

five two-pence to an act of piety, treated the poor monk with a blunt razor, and water scarcely warm. Under these circumstances, it was impossible the operation could be well performed. The barber scratched and cut the poor victim of his avarice, who sat with tears in his eyes, longing to be set at liberty. In the mean time, a cat and a monkey making a noise together, at the other side of the room, the barber called very loudly to know what was the matter.—“ Oh!” replied the monk, “ it is only the monkey shaving the cat for the love of God.”

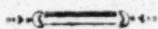


A lady, proud of her rank and title, was one day descanting on the superiority of the nobility over the rest of mankind, to a large company of visitors.

B 2

Says

Says she, " I think we may very well
 " compare the three classes of people,
 " nobility, gentry, and commonalty, to
 " the three classes of tea-drinking uten-
 " sils, china, delf, and crockery." A
 few minutes elapsed, when one of the
 company expressed a wish to see the la-
 dy's little girl, who, it was mentioned,
 was in the nursery. " Tell the maid,
 " John," said she to the footman, " to
 " bring the little dear." The fellow,
 wishing to expose his mistress's ridicu-
 lous pride, cried, loud enough to be
 heard by all the company, "*Crockery!*
 " bring down little *China.*"



A well-meaning country-lass, who
 was going to town to service, received,
 as the parting advice of a fond father,
 (who had heard her place had been pro-
 cured

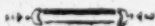
cured in the family of a duke,) an admonition, always, when answering, to say " grace," instead of " sir". This injunction she kept so sacred, that a journey of near two hundred miles had no influence towards eradicating it from her memory. Introduced into the family, some few days past without having seen the duke; when one morning she happened to meet him in a passage from the staircase, so narrow, that he could not but observe her; and, seeing her rather pretty, jocosely said, " so, how do you like your place?" " Very well," she replied; " for what we have received the Lord make us truly thankful."

He smiled, as may naturally be supposed; but, being remarkably good-natured, asked her which she preferred, town or country;—she, true (as she thought) to her father's advice, said, very modestly, " God's holy name be

“ blessed and praised for this present re-
 “ freshment, and for all his mercies
 “ from time to time, &c.

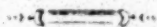


A philosopher and a wit were crossing the water, when a high gale arising, the philosopher seemed under great apprehension lest he should go to the bottom. “ Why,” said his friend, “ that will
 “ suit your genius to a tittle ; as for my
 “ part, I am only for skimming the
 “ surface of things.

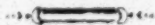


The late celebrated Dr. Brown court-
 ed a lady for many years, though still
 unsuccessfully ; during which time he
 had always accustomed himself to pro-
 pose her health, whenever he was called
 upon for a lady. But being observed
 one evening to omit it, a gentleman re-
 minded

reminded him, he had forgotten to toast his favourite lady. "Why, indeed," said the doctor, "I find it all in vain; I have toasted her so many years, and cannot make her *Brown*, that I am determined to toast her no longer."

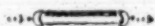


A captain, remarkable for his uncommon height, being one day at the rooms at Bath, the late Princess Amelia was struck with his appearance; and being told, upon inquiry, his name and family, it was added, he had been originally intended for the church. "Rather for the steeple," replied the roval humourist.

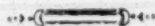


It is related of the same illustrious personage, that, being at cards with some young nobleman, when the antagonists had not scored one, she said, (as

in such a case, the term is not unusual,) “ we are five *love* ;” to which he immediately replied, “ yes, my dear.” This repartee, however, extremely affronted her, and she threw up her cards.



Michael Angelo, on being advised by some of his friends to take notice of the insolence of some obscure artist, who wished to attract notice, by declaring himself his rival, magnanimously replied, “ he who contends with the “ mean, gains no victory.”

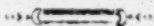


Cæsar Borgia, on his death-bed, said, “ I had provided, in the course of my “ life, for every thing except death ; and now, alas ! I am to die, though completely unprepared for it.”

Doctor

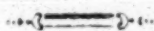
Doctor Hough, Bishop of Worcester, having a party at his house, a gentleman present requested to be favoured with the sight of a curious weather-glass he had lately purchased, and which cost him more than thirty guineas. The servant was immediately desired to bring it, who, while in the act of delivering it to the gentleman, accidentally let it fall, and, of course, it was broken in a thousand pieces. The company were naturally much deranged by the misfortune, but particularly the gentleman who had begged to see it. "Be under no concern, sir," said the Bishop, smiling, "it is rather a lucky omen; we have hitherto had much dry weather, and I hope now we shall have some rain; for really I do not remember ever to have seen the glass so low before."

Sir William Browne being at a parish meeting, made some proposals, which were objected to by a farmer. Highly enraged, "sir," says he to the farmer, "do you know, sir, that I have been at the two universities, and at two colleges in each university?" "Well, sir," said the farmer, "what of that?" "I had a calf that sucked two cows, and the observation I made was, the more he sucked, the greater *calf* he grew."

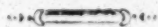


A judge was once interrogating a poor ignorant public-house keeper, who lived near the village pound. "Well, my friend," said he, "and so you live by the pound." "Yes, my lord."—"Why, then, you sell ale by the pound?" "Why, my lord, I do, and I do not, as a body may say." "You

“ You do and you do not ! How do you mean ? let us hear ;—first, how do you do ? ” “ Pretty well, I thank you, my lord,” said he, smiling, “ how do you do ? ”

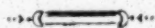


An honest country gentleman (though rather rough) came to another ; and, among other conversation, thus invited him to his house : “ I have, at home, a picture of Reuben’s ; it is a rare good one ; my neighbour saw it yesterday, and said it was a copy.” “ A copy ! zounds ! if any man says it is a copy, I’ll break his head.” “ Do pray come and tell me what you think of it.”

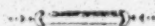


It is reported of an Armenian merchant, that, on hearing a very large vessel was cast away, on which all his

wealth depended, he exclaimed, " my heart, I thank God, is still afloat ;
 " my spirits shall not sink with my ship,
 " nor go an inch lower."



When the Persian ambassador was in England, he was paid a handsome compliment by Captain Topham. As he was shewing the many wounds he had received in the wars with the Turks, the captain said, that his excellency's skin would sell for little or nothing, it had so many holes in it.



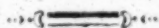
It was a clever thought of a little girl, who was at dinner among a large party, (fearing she had been forgotten to be helped.) to crumble some bread on her plate, at the same time saying to a boiled chicken near her, " come, biddy,
 " come."

A clever

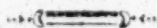
A clever young fellow being at dinner at a friend's house, and observing one of the company slyly pocket a table-spoon, let it pass till he prepared to take his leave; and then marching up to the side-board, took one and put it through his button-hole. Upon being asked his motive for so curious a manœuvre, he replied, " I saw my neighbour here at dinner put a spoon in his pocket; and, supposing it was a customary thing at this house, I preferred taking mine away in my button-hole.

It should have been mentioned first, that the same gentleman, during dinner, having observed the top dish of fish was not quite so fresh as might have been wished, took one, and put it to his mouth, and then to his ear. The lady of the house having asked him the reason, he answered, " I had a brother who was
" shipwrecked

“ shipwrecked the day before yesterday,
 “ so was asking if the fish could give
 “ any information concerning his body,
 “ to which it replied, it knew nothing
 “ of the transaction, not having been at
 sea these *three weeks*.”

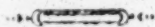


A person tried for treason, as the jury were about to leave the bar, requested them to consider a statute which he thought very much in his favour. “ Sir-
 “ rah,” cried one of the judges, “ I
 “ know that statute better than you do.”
 The prisoner coolly replied, “ I make no
 “ doubt of that ; and therefore am anx-
 “ ious the jury should know it as well.”



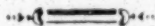
Baron D'Adrets occasionally made his prisoners throw themselves headlong from the battlements of a high tower upon the
 pikes

pikes of his soldiers. One of these unfortunate persons having approached the battlements twice, without venturing to leap, the baron reproached him with his want of courage in a very insulting manner. "Why, sir," said the prisoner, "bold as you are, I would give you five times before you took the leap." This pleasantry saved the poor fellow's life.



In the rebellion, a villain stole into the King's Mews, where the light-horse were stationed, and cut off the tails of all the horses in the regiment. When it was discovered, the captain, greatly vexed, cried out, among other ejaculations, "what must we do!" "Do!" said a wag near him, "sell them by wholesale." "Why so," said the captain. "Because," replied he, "it is plain to see we cannot *re-tail* them."

A lady, who affected hard words, asked her son, who had placed the ladder against the wall? He said, the gardener had done it to get his ball. "Oh!" said she, "I was afraid you was going to mount the *nostrum*."

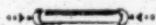


Dean Swift was one day in company, when the conversation fell upon the antiquity of the family. The lady of the house expatiated a little too freely on her descent, observing that her ancestors' names began with De, and, of course, of antique French extraction. When she had finished:—"and now," said the dean, "will you be so kind as to help me to a piece of that D'umpling?"

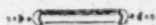


A general officer in the battle of Blenheim happening to have one of his legs
shot

shot off by a ball, burst into a loud laugh :
 “ how fortunate it is,” said he, “ I have
 “ two more in my portmantua !”



A gentleman, seeing a woman skinning
 some eels, said to her, “ how can you
 “ bear to be so cruel ? don't you think
 “ you put them to a great deal of pain ?”
 “ Why, I might, sir,” she replied, “ when
 “ I first began business ; but I have dealt
 “ in them twenty years, and by this time
 “ they must be quite used to it.”

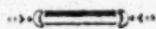


A gentleman, who was well known to
 be fond of his bottle or two, said one day,
 after having drank pretty freely, “ the
 “ wine is very thick.”—“ No, no,” said
 a friend, “ it is *you* are too thick with
 “ the wine.”

A certain countryman having lost an ass, came to the cryer, desiring him to give notice of it at the door of the church, which he did for three Sundays; but no news being heard of it, the countryman urged him to continue his proclamation, with the reward of a fat pig to the finder. The cryer being clever, and tired of the fellow's importunities, one day as the people were coming out of church, thus addressed them: "if there
 "be any man here, who will come forth
 "and solemnly declare he never was in
 "love, he shall have a fat pig." A bumpkin, who was leaning on his staff, hearing the conditions, bawled out, "I
 "can take my oath, I never was in love." Whereupon the cryer, leading him to the countryman, said, "here, I have found you an ass, the reward is mine."

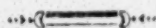
" Pray

“ Pray of what did your brother die ? ” said that celebrated general, Marquis Spinola, one day to Sir Horace Vere. “ He died, sir,” replied he, “ of having nothing to do.” “ Alas ! sir,” said Spinola, “ that is enough to kill any general of us all.”

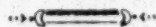


An English knight, who had behaved very insolently to Queen Elizabeth, when she was only a princess, fell upon his knees before her, soon after she became his sovereign, and besought her to pardon him, suspecting (as there was good cause) that he should have been sent to the tower. She immediately answered very mildly, “ do you not know we are descended from the lion, whose nature is not to prey upon the mouse ? ”

A clergyman, explaining the catechism to some girls belonging to a Sunday-school, told them their christian name was given them when they were admitted into Christ's church, and became christians; desiring them to recollect the proper answer, should he hereafter repeat the question. After a few intervening observations; "well, my love," said he, "when was your christian name given you?" "When I was a baby, sir!" she replied.



"Fortune! Fortune!" said a poor gamester one day, "you make me lose thousands, it is true;—but I'll defy thee to make me pay them."



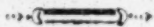
A man, sitting one evening at an ale-house, thinking how to get provision for the

the next day, saw another, dead drunk on an opposite bench. A thought instantly struck him; so going to the landlord, he said, "do not you wish to get rid of this sot?" "Aye, to be sure," returned he; "and half-a-crown shall speak my thanks." Agreed," said the other, "get me a sack." A sack was brought, and put over the drunken guest. Away trudged the man with his burthen, till he came to the house of a noted Resurrectionist; when he knocked at the door. "Who's there?" said a voice. "I have brought you a subject," replied the man, "so come, quick, give me my fee." The money was immediately paid, and the sack, with its contents, deposited in the surgery. The motion of quick walking had pretty nearly recovered the poor victim, who, before the other had been gone five minutes, began to endeavour to extricate himself

himself from the sack. The purchaser, enraged at being thus outwitted, ran after the man who had deceived him, col-
lared him, and cried, "why, you dog,
"the man's alive!" "Alive!" answered
the other, "so much the better, kill him
"when you want him."

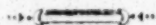


An Irishman once told his friend he
had just seen a lamentable sight; six
volunteers pressed on board the tender,
one of whom had a wife and six chil-
dren.



Osborne, in his memoirs of Queen
Elizabeth, tells this story of her. One
of her purveyors having behaved with
some injustice in the county of Kent,
one of the farmers of that county went
to the queen's palace at Greenwich;
and.

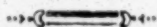
and, watching the time when the queen went to take her morning's walk, said, loud enough for her majesty to hear, "pray which is the queen?" She replied very graciously, "I am the queen; what would you have with me?" "You," answered the farmer, "though one of the rarest women I ever saw, can eat no more than my daughter Madge; but the Queen Elizabeth I look for, devours so many of my ducks, hens, and capons, that I am scarce able to live." The queen, always auspicious to suits made through the mediation of her comely shape, inquired who was the purveyor, whom she caused to be hanged.



A minikin three foot and a half colonel, being one day at the drill, was examining a strapper of six foot four.

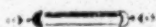
"Come,

“Come fellow, hold up your head,—
 “higher, fellow. “Yes, sir.”—“High-
 “er, fellow,—higher.” “What so,
 “sir?” said the man, raising his head
 much above the horizontal parallel. “Yes,
 “fellow:” “and am I always to re-
 “main so, sir?” “Yes, fellow, to be
 “sure.” Why then, good bye colonel,
 “for I shall never see you again.”

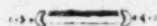


A person being brought before a justice
 for some trivial misdemeanour, in the
 course of his examination discharged
 no small number of oaths at the justice,
 clerk, &c. “Before I commit you to
 “prison,” said the justice, “I shall
 “charge you a shilling each for your
 “oaths;” “charge me!” said the cul-
 prit, “I would have you to know I am
 “a gentleman.” Oh, ho! then I shall
 “charge

ad,— “ charge you five shillings each,” said
High- the justice.



Yes, An Irishman was once in the same
to re- predicament, for having sworn two oaths,
to be the justice charged him two shillings.
onel, “ How much do you charge for a curse ?”
said Pat, “ sixpence,” replied the jus-
tice ; “ then take my half-crown, as I
“ hate change, and a *curse* light on you
“ all,” returned Pat.



When the ambassador of Henry the
fourth of France was in England, he was
at court on a birth-night, and queen Eli-
zabeth asking him how he liked her
ladies, he replied, knowing her majesty
had no dislike to a little flattery, “ It is
“ hard, madam, to judge of stars in the
“ presence of the sun.”

C

Mar-

Marguerite de Valois, who understood Latin, on seeing a poor man lying on a dunghill, exclaimed

" Pauper ubique jacet.

" In any place, in any bed,

" The poor man rests his weary head."

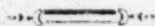
The man, to her astonishment, replied,

" In thalamis hæc nocte tuæ, regina jacerem.

" Si verum hoc esset, pauper ubique jacet."

" Ah! beautiful queen, were this but true,

" This night I would repose with you."



Mr. James Howell, who was confined in the Fleet prison at the time of the death of Charles the first, breathed the following lines on the occasion :

So fell the royal oak by a wild crew
Of mongrel shrubs which underneath him grew ;
So fell the lion by a pack of curs,
So the rose wither'd 'twixt a knot of burrs;
So fell the eagle by a swarm of gnats,
So the whale perish'd by a shoal of sprats.

A boy

stood on a
 A boy of nine years old (some say
 Chateaucneuf, keeper of the seals under
 Louis XIII.) was asked by a bishop
 many questions, to which he answered
 with surprising propriety. At length the
 bishop said, "I will give you an orange
 if you will tell me where God is."
 "My lord," said the boy, "I will give
 you two if you will tell me where he
 is not."

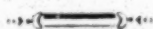


defined
 of the
 and the
 A young tradesman wishing to cut
 a figure on the stage, was introduced to
 Garrick, and beginning the soliloquy of
 Hamlet in a very rhapsodical manner.
 "To be, or not to be;" Garrick cried
 out, "not to be, upon my honour."

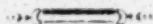


A Scotsman being accosted by a duke,
 who wished to create a laugh at the ex-
 pence

pence of his national accent, asked him where he had been; "shooting," he replied. "Shooting what?" said the Duke. "Fools," (meaning fowls.) "Fools! what sort of fools?" "Dukes," i. e. ducks, "and such sort of fools."



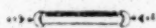
Henry the fourth of France, used to say, a king should have the heart of a child towards God; and the heart of a father towards his subjects.



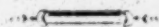
A peasant called on an oculist to consult him about his eyes, which of late had become very weak. He found him sitting at table with his bottle of wine. "Would you be entirely cured," said the oculist, you must quite abstain from wine. "I will," replied the man, "but it seems to me, your eyes are fall as bad

“ as

"as mine, and yet you drink pretty
"freely." "True," said the other,
"because I prefer wine to good eyes."

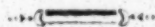


A man boasting one day of the quick-
ness of his sight, by way of confirming
his remark, said "he saw at that moment,
"a mouse on the top ballustrade of the
"monument," "I cannot say I see it,"
said a friend, "but I plainly hear it run."



The mayor of a little town in Bur-
gundy, haranguing the prince of Condé
as he passed through, said, "of all the
"towns under your highness's govern-
"ment, the smallest would gladly have
"shewn their loyalty was proportionably
"equal to the rest, but it was impossible
"to receive your highness with a royal
"salute for eighteen reasons: first, we

“ have no cannon——the prince here interrupted him, with, “ I am so satisfied with this reason, you need not trouble yourself to tell me the rest.”



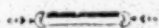
The same mayor, it is said, was one day making his speech to a French king, who, tired with the length of it, and wishing him to stop, from motives of compassion, seeing him much embarrassed, said, “ finish in three words.” The mayor instantly stopped, and loudly cried “ *Vive le Roi.*”



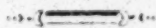
Alphonso, king of Arragon, was one day admiring the different articles in his jeweller's shop, with many of his favourite women. He had scarcely left the house, when the jeweller missed a diamond of great value, and ran after him,

com-

complaining of the theft. The king not willing publicly to disgrace any one of his attendants, commanded a large bason full of sand to be brought him, into which he made each of his women put her hand clinched, and draw it out flat. By this means the diamond was left in the sand, unknown by whom.



A beggar one day said to the emperor, Maximilian, "we are all children of the same father;" as an incitement to bestow an alms. The emperor gave him a trifle. "This is very little for a monarch," said the beggar. "True," replied the emperor, "but, if every one of your brothers gave you as much, you would be richer than I."

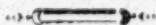


A General being on his travels, found himself indisposed, and was obliged to

stop at a little village to be bled. The barber of the village was called in to officiate, but his appearance not being very much in his favour, the general drew back his arm, just as the lancet was on the point of entering. "Ah! what you are afraid of the blood!" said the barber. "No," returned the General, "it is the bleeder, not the blood I am afraid of."



An officer having been commanded to go upon a very dangerous enterprize, was advised by many friends to excuse himself, and thereby save his life. "I can save my life, I know," said he, "but who will save my honour?"



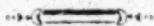
A remarkable instance of the instinct of animals. A beautiful little spaniel bitch

bitch was permitted to range any part of her master's house. She had five puppies, which were one morning during her absence, taken by her master's order, and drowned, in a neighbouring pond. After much apparent uneasiness, she found them in the pond, and brought them one by one into the parlour, and as she laid the last at her master's feet, looked stedfastly in his face, and expired.



Another instance is worthy of record. When St. Michael's bridge fell, a child was buried in the ruins, but fortunately fell between two beams, which supported each other, in such a manner as not to receive the least hurt. A dog happened to fall in the very same condition, and not being able to escape, barked incessantly. The noise attracted several people, one of whom released the animal

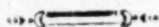
with much difficulty ; but the poor creature's joy was not of long duration, when it no longer beheld its infantine companion. It ran to the place, jumped into its former situation, and continued barking till they both were released together.



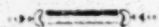
A drunken mechanic being at dinner with his wife and three children, vexed at being contradicted by his partner, took up a small bottle of raisin wine, (all their stock) and taking a pretty good draught, said, "if what I say be not true, " may this wine be my poison !" his wife, however, still persisted, and he repeated his wish twice in a very short time. At length one of the children more wise than its mother, cried, " for " Heaven's sake, be of the same opinion, " or we shall all die of thirst."

A little

A little boy having been much praised for his quickness of reply, a gentleman observed, when children were so keen in their youth, they are generally stupid and dull as they advance in years. "What a very sensible boy must you have been, sir, then," replied the child.

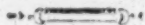


Two brothers having been sentenced to die for some enormous crime, one was executed first. "See," the other brother said, "what a lamentable spectacle my brother makes! in a few minutes, I shall be turned off, and then you will see a pair of spectacles."



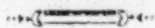
A man having slipped from the top of a house he was repairing, had the good fortune to save his own life by falling on a passenger, who fell a victim to the vio-

lence of the shock. The friends of the deceased insisted on satisfaction being made to the utmost of the poor fellow's ability, and took him before a magistrate. This latter being a jocose, as well as a just man, thus decided. "Let any one
 " of the friends of the deceased mount to
 " the top of the house from whence the
 " culprit fell, who shall be forced to
 " stand in the position the unhappy passenger was in, with full liberty for the
 " former to fall on him from the vast
 " height with all his force."

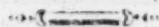


A Persian monarch having sent a very celebrated physician to the calif Mustapha, the first question he asked was, how they in general lived about the court: he was answered, "they never eat but
 " when hungry, and then not entirely as
 " much as they can." "I may as well
 " keep

“ keep away then,” said he, “ I shall not have any thing to do.”



A physician being sent for to a very whimsical old lady, having felt her pulse, and finding her in a high fever, asked her how old she was. She replied, “ eighty,” “ and pray how much longer would you live ?” said he, and immediately quitted the room.

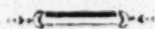


The same physician being sent for to the same lady, when rather younger, asked her the usual questions ; as, “ whether she eat pretty hearty ?” “ very much so ;” “ did she sleep well ?” “ extremely well,” and many other questions, to all of which he received answers which shewed that the lady was in perfect health, only a little fanciful. “ Well, madam,”

“madam,” said he, departing, “I will
 “endeavour to prescribe something to
 “remove all these symptoms.”



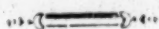
A celebrated orator one day in the warmth of debate, spoke some words rather disrespectful of the government; the speaker of the house of commons called him to order, and said he would not sit still to hear his sovereign insulted. The gentleman in explanation said, “that though he respected his majesty’s
 “own person, he saw no reason for
 “respecting his majesty’s maid servant,
 “or man servant, his ox or his ass.”



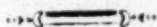
Rousseau when young, once shewed Voltaire an epistle, addressed to posterity.
 “My friend,” said Voltaire, “this let-

“ter

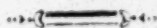
"ter will never be delivered according
" to its direction."



A gentleman was advised by his
friend, not to let his son marry till he
was wiser. "Then," said the other,
"he would die a batchelor."



"No man," said a doctor one day,
"can complain of my having used him
"ill." True, said his friend, "because
"all you were ever called to attend died
"under your hands."



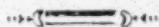
"Why not send for a doctor," said a
man to his sick friend, "because, tho'
"ill, I do not yet wish to die," he re-
plied.

The

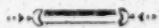
The following medical anecdote is thought by many the best that ever was recorded. A young man in danger of losing his mistress by a very violent illness, was daily enquiring after some physician upon whose skill he might safely rely. During his search he became acquainted with a man, who by some supernatural power could perceive the spirits of departed souls. He purchased the secret, and continued his search. He was recommended to many celebrated men, but when he was on the point of entering, he perceived so many little spirits perched on every part of the house (the spirits of those he had killed) that he feared to put his mistress under such unfortunate hands. At last he perceived a house at the bottom of a street, on the door of which were only *two* of these little spirits. At last he thought he had met with an able physician, and knocked at the door.

The

The doctor came out, and could not forbear expressing his wonder at his having been discovered in so retired a situation. "Your great reputation," said the other, "rendered it impossible for you to remain in obscurity." "My reputation," said he, "why I have been here only eight days, during which time I have given advice but to two patients."

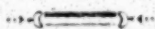


When the Czar, Peter the great, was in France, he observed one of the nobility appear every day in a new coat of a different shape or colour. "It seems to me," said he, "this gentleman is dissatisfied with his taylor."

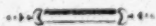


An officer having the misfortune to lose an eye in the wars, had a glass one, which he constantly took out of the socket

socket at night. Being at an inn, and one of the servants waiting on him, he gave her his eye, and desired her to lay it down. As she did not stir, he was angry, "and asked her what she waited for," "I wait," she replied, "for the other."



A country gentleman walking in his garden, saw his gardener asleep under an harbour. "What," says he, "asleep instead of at work, you idle dog, you are not worthy that the sun should shine on you." "I am truly sensible of my unworthiness," answered the man, "and therefore I laid myself down in the shade."



A foreigner having lost an eye, a friend of his recommended him to one of our famous oculist's, with whom he agreed to give ten guineas for a very beautiful one
shewn

shewn him among the rest. He actually called the next day to abuse him for having sold him an eye with which he could not see.



A certain gentleman took care to speak but coolly of the happiness of the married state before his daughter. "She who marries," said he, "does well; but she who does not marry, does better." "Well then," said she, "I will do well; let those who chuse, do better."

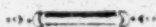


A man was once fool enough to imagine, he could by degrees, accustom his horse to live without eating. Day by day he decreased his allowance of both corn and hay, at length, as may naturally be supposed, the animal died. "Unhappy wretch! that I am," said the man,

man, "to lose my horse, just as he had
 "learned to live without eating."

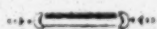


A miserable poet having presented a composition to a friend to peruse, was told that in the third verse there was a syllable too few. "There may be," said the poet, "but read on, I doubt not you
 "will find some with a syllable too
 "much, and that will account for the
 "other."



A gentleman in the island of Barbadoes having missed a considerable sum of money, had great reason to suspect one of his negroes was the thief, and that he might detect him, tried the following experiment. Having summoned them all, he thus harangued them. "I have been
 "informed in a vision by the great ser-
 "pent

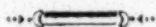
“pent whom you adore, that one of you
 “have stolen my money; and he more-
 “over told me, that the very man when
 “called into my presence, should have a
 “large parrot’s-tail feather hanging at the
 “end of his nose by which I might disco-
 “ver him.” He had no sooner uttered
 these words than the real thief betrayed his
 guilt by clapping his hand to his nose to
 feel for the feather.



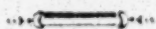
When Foote was at Salt-Hill, he dined
 at the Castle, and when Partridge pro-
 duced the bill, which was rather exhor-
 bitant, Foote asked him his name, “Par-
 “tridge, an’t please you,” said he,”
 “Partridge!” returned Foote, “it should
 “be Woodcock by the length of your
 “bill.”

The

The same humourist being at table next to a gentleman who had helped himself to a very large piece of bread; after he had taken a mouthful or two, took up his bread, and cut a piece off. "Sir," said the gentleman, "that is my bread." "I beg a thousand pardons, sir," said Foote, "I protest I took it for the loaf."

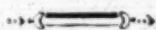


It is reported of Diogenes, that a porter once met him with a load, and gave him, in passing, a violent blow, at the same time bidding him "take care." "Why?" said Diogenes, "do you intend to strike me again?"

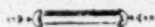


A poor man had an affair that puzzled him, and he much wished to have the advice of a neighbouring lawyer. "Indeed," said the lawyer, (not expecting

pecting any great fee from the man's appearance) "your affair is so intricate, "I cannot see where to begin." The man took the hint, and giving him two half guineas, all he had, "there's a pair "of spectacles, for you sir."

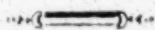


A man hearing another was ill who was much in debt to him, went to his house, and teased him for payment. "Oh," said the other, "let me die in "peace." "Die," returned his creditor, "that you shall not, till I am paid."



A countryman seeing the archbishop of Cologne pass by accompanied by soldiers, could not avoid laughing, "to see," he said "an archbishop surrounded with "soldiers." "Do you not know," said the archbishop, "that I am prince, as "well?"

“ well ? ” “ Why, true,” returned the other, “ but tell me, pray, when the prince goes to the devil, what will become of the archbishop ? ”



A young prince being on a journey, said to his preceptor, “ give me my mantle.” The gentleman answered, “ my lord, great princes speaking of themselves, always use the plural number ; ” you should therefore have said, “ give us our mantle.” The prince did not fail to remember his lesson, and said shortly after “ our teeth ache,” “ mine, I am sure,” said his preceptor with a smile, “ do not ache in the least, my lord.” “ Then,” answered the prince, “ rather vexed, I plainly see the *mantle* must be ours, but the *tooth-ache* mine alone.”

A taylor

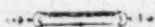
A taylor having mended a pair of breeches for one of his customers, was carrying them home, when he saw a funeral pass by, attended by an apothecary whom he knew. "So, Sir," said he to him, "I see you are carrying your work home, as well as I."



An old miser was on his death-bed, verbally declaring his last intentions, but alas! his eldest son has offended him past forgiveness, by his inattention to money matters, and vain were the endeavours of surrounding friends to intercede for him. "I leave my second son, Andrew," said the dying man, "my whole estate, and desire him to be frugal." Andrew, in a sorrowful tone, prayed Heaven to prolong his life, that he might long enjoy it himself. "I recommend Simon, my third son, to

D "Andrew's

"Andrew's care, leaving him four thousand pounds." "Ah father," said Simon, "may Heaven grant you to live and enjoy it yourself!" "As for you, Dick," said he to his eldest son, "you have always been a sad dog; you'll never come to any good; you'll never be rich: I leave you a shilling to buy a halter." "Ah! father!" cried Dick, "may Heaven restore you, and permit you to enjoy it yourself!"



When Mr. Pye made his first appearance in the literary world, he was much cut up by the critics. A gentleman however observed some short time after, (and just as his seat in Berkshire had undergone some repairs) that his *style* of late was much mended; "You're very right," said a farmer, overhearing him, "I saw

"the

"the carpenters at work upon it yesterday."

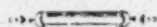


King William the third had a Frenchman who took care of his majesty's pointers, and whose place it was also to load and deliver the fowling pieces to the king. One day, however, it chanced that Monsieur forgot to bring any shot with him to the field. Not daring to confess his negligence to so passionate a man, and so eager a sportsman as the king, he gave his majesty the gun, charged only with powder. The king having fired without effect, the cunning Frenchman shrugged up his shoulders, turned up his eyes, folded his hands, and extolling the king's skill in shooting, declared he had never seen *sa Majestè* miss his aim before in his life.

During the late siege of Gibraltar, in the absence of the fleet, and when an attack was daily expected, one dark night, a sentry, whose post was near a tower facing the Spanish lines, was standing at the end of his walk, whistling; looking towards them, his head filled with nothing but *fire and sword, miners, breaches, storming and bloodshed!* By the side of his box stood a deep narrow-necked earthen jug, in which was the remainder of his supper, consisting of boiled pease. A large monkey (of which there are plenty at the top of the rock) encouraged by the man's absence, and allured by the smell of the pease, ventured to the jug; and, in endeavouring to get at its contents, thrust his neck so far into the jug, as to be unable to withdraw it. At this instant, the soldier approaching, the monkey started up to escape, with the jug on his head. This
terrible

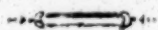
terrible monster no sooner saluted the eyes of the sentry, than his frantic imagination converted poor pug into a fine blood-thirsty Spanish grenadier, with a most tremendous cap on his head. Full of this dreadful idea, he instantly fired his piece, roaring out that the enemy had scaled the walls. The guards took the alarm; the drums were beat; signal-guns fired; and, in less than ten minutes, the governor and his whole garrison were under arms.—The supposed grenadier, being very much incommoded by his cap, and almost blinded by the pease, was soon overtaken and seized; and, by his capture, the tranquillity of the garrison was soon restored, without that slaughter and bloodshed which every man had prognosticated in the beginning of this direful alarm.

A gentleman crossing a very narrow bridge, which was not railed on either side to secure passengers from falling, said to a countryman, whom he met, "Methinks, this narrow causeway must be very dangerous, honest friend! "Pray are not people lost here sometimes?" "Lost!—no, sir," replied the man: "I never knew any body lost here in my life; here have been several drowned, indeed, but they were always found again."

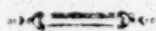


A clergyman in the country taking his text from the fourteenth verse of the third chapter of St. Matthew: "And Peter's wife's mother lay sick of a fever," preached three Sundays on the same subject. Soon after, two country fellows going across a church-yard, and, hearing the bell toll, one asked the other who

who it was for. "I can't exactly tell," replied he; "but it may be for Peter's wife's mother, for she has been sick of a fever these three weeks."

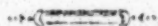


As a press-gang, during last winter were patrolling round Smithfield, they laid hold of a man tolerably well dressed, who pleaded, that, being a gentleman, he was not liable to be impressed. "Haul him along!" cried one of the tars, "he is the very man we want. We press a great many blackguards, and we are much at a loss for some one to teach them good manners."



Dr. Roger Long, the famous astronomer, walking one dark evening with a gentleman in Cambridge, and the latter coming to a short post fixed in the pave-

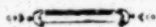
ment, which, in the earnestness of conversation, he took to be a boy standing in his way, said, hastily, "get out of the way, boy." "That boy, sir," said the doctor, very calmly, "is a *post-boy*, who never turns out of his way for any body."



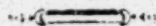
A certain smatterer in letters being one day at a coffee-house, took it into his head to abuse all the modern literati, observing that there was very little wit, humour, or learning, in the present age. Some time after, Dr. Hayes came into the room, when a gentleman told him how his neighbour had been abusing the *moderns*. "I have not the least doubt, but he would have likewise abused the *ancients*," said he, "had he known their names."

"If

"If you ask me," said Lavater, "which is the real hereditary sin of human nature, do you imagine I shall answer, pride, or luxury, or ambition, or egotism? no; I shall say *indolence*; he who conquers indolence will conquer all the rest."

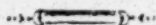


He submits to be seen through a microscope, who suffers himself to be taken in a fit of passion.



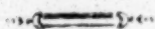
An apothecary, who used to value himself on his skill in the nature of drugs, asserted, in a company of physicians, that all bitter things were hot: "no;" said a gentleman present, "there is one of a very different quality, I am sure, and that is a bitter cold day."

Mr. Clark, of St. John's, desired a fellow of the same college to lend him Bishop Burnet's History of the Reformation; the other told him he could not spare it out of his chambers; but, if he pleased, he might *come* and read it all day long. Some time after, the same gentleman sent to Mr. Clark, to borrow his bellows: "Tell him," said he, "I cannot spare them out of my chambers; but, if he pleases, he may come and blow here all day long."

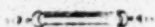


A facetious canon of Windsor taking his evening's walk, as usual, into the town, met one of his vicars at the castle gate, returning home rather elevated by a glass too much of his neighbour's port. "So, sir, from whence come you?" said the canon. "Why," said the vicar, "I have indeed been *spinning* it

"it out with my friend." "Aye," returned the canon; "and now you are *reel-*
" *ing* it home."

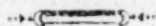


An officer, of a disbanded regiment, applying to the paymaster of the forces for his arrears, told him he was in the most extreme want. The treasurer, seeing him of a jovial and ruddy aspect, told him, that his countenance belied his complaint. "For heaven's sake, my
"lord," said the officer, "do not mis-
"take; the visage you see is not mine
"but my landlady's; for she has fed me
"on credit this twelvemonth."



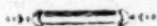
Dorion, a celebrated wit, having lost a large gouty shoe, being much afflicted with that disorder, said, "the only harm

“ I wish the thief is, that my shoe may
 “ fit him.”



The calif Hégiage, the dread and detestation of his people, frequently travelled through various parts of his dominions without any attendant or guard. In one of his excursions, he met a poor Arab; and, after some conversation; “ What sort of a man,” said he, “ is this Hégiage, of whom so much has been said? ” “ Hégiage,” replied the Arab, “ is not a *man*; he is a monster.” “ What is he reproached with? ” “ Millions of crimes! ever shedding the blood of his subjects, to gratify his own brutal caprices.” “ Did you ever see him? ” “ Never.” “ Raise your eyes; it is to him you are now speaking.” The Arab, without testifying the least surprise, stedfastly fixed his eyes
 on

on him, saying, "and do you know
 "who I am?" "No." "I am a de-
 "scendant of Zobair, one of whose fa-
 "mily becomes mad on a certain day in
 "every year: it happens to be *my* turn
 "to day."



A clergyman having preached during
 Lent, in a small town, in which time he
 had not once been invited to dinner by
 any one of the parishioners, said, in his
 farewell sermon, "I have preached a-
 "gainst every vice but good living; for
 "I have not had an opportunity of ob-
 "serving to what an excess it is carried
 "in this town."



A nobleman, coming down in the
 summer to his country-seat, was talking
 familiarly with his butler; "And how
 "have

"have you been," said he, "since we
 "left you?" "Why, my lord," re-
 "plied he, "I have been pretty well
 "lately; but, for near two months in
 "the winter, I had a very dreadful ague
 "at your service,"

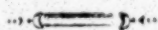


An Irishman, having bought a sheep's head, had been to a friend for a direction to dress it. As he was returning, repeating the method, and holding his purchase under his arm, a dog snatched it, and ran away. "Now, my dear joy," said the Irishman, "what a fool you
 "make of yourself! What use will it
 "be to you, as you don't know how it is
 "to be dressed?"



A poor labourer, having been obliged to undergo the operation of having his
 leg

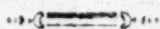
leg cut off, was charged sixteen pence by the sexton for burying it. The poor fellow applied to the Rector for redress, who told him, he could not relieve him at that time; but that he should certainly consider it in his fees, when the rest of his body came to be buried.



A clergyman, preaching a sermon on some particular patriarch, was extremely high in his panegyric, and spoke of him as far excelling every saint in the calendar. He took a view of the celestial hierarchy, but in vain, he could not assign to his saint a place worthy so many virtues as he possessed; every sentence ended thus: "where then can we place this great patriarch?" One of the congregation, tired at last of the repetition, exclaimed, "as I am going away, you may put him in my pew."

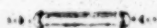
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The same clergyman, one Sunday thought proper to divide his sermon into two and thirty points; but, having soon lost the thread of his subdivisions, he was at a loss how to conclude his discourse. His congregation heard him for some time with much patience; but, at length observing the evening draw in, deserted him one after the other. The clergyman, intent on his sermon, had not perceived the decrease of his auditors, and continued his uninteresting discourse, till a little boy in the choir, the son of the pew-opener, cried out, "sir, here is the key of the church; when you have finished, I hope you will be so kind to shut it safely."



A grandee of Spain handing some refreshments to a circle of ladies, observed one with a most brilliant ring, but

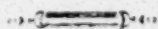
but her hand was not one of the most charming; he had the rudeness to say loud enough to be heard by the lady, "I should prefer the ring to the hand." "And I," said the lady, (looking at the collar he wore, as bespeaking his dignity,) "should prefer the collar to the beast."



A Grecian and a Venetian had a dispute concerning the different learned men their respective countries could boast of. The Grecian, to prove at once that his country had the pre-eminence, said, "All or most of the wise men had come out of Greece." "True," said the Venetian, "for we do not find any left."

A monk

A monk having to preach on a certain Saint's-day, was desired by many friends who had heard him the preceding year, not to keep them quite so long as usual. Having ascended the pulpit he thus addressed them, " Dearly beloved, it is
 " exactly a year since I preached in hon-
 " our of the Saint we this day celebrate,
 " as I have not heard of his being con-
 " cerned in any thing new since, I have
 " nothing to add to what I then told
 " you." He then gave his benediction, and went away.



It is far from being the wish of the compiler of these anecdotes to select any that may excite a laugh at the expense of the clergy, but the following having been taken from the same collection as one or two of the preceding ones, is, equally entitled to a place, or more so,

as it tends to excite admiration rather than derision. A clergyman who had received an invitation to spend a fortnight with a friend in the country, found to his great surprize, he had brought but one sermon with him. The distance was too great to send for another, as he did not discover the neglect till the second Sunday morning, of course it was in vain then to attempt composing a new one. He therefore ascended to the pulpit with the usual dignity, and before he gave out his text, thus addressed his auditors. " Having been informed
 " the sermon I preached last Sunday was
 " judged exceptionable by some very
 " respectable inhabitants, I think it my
 " duty to shew that they misinterpreted
 " my doctrine, by repeating it word for
 word. I beg your most serious attention."

Some

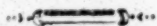
Some school boys one day meeting a woman driving asses, said to her, "Good morning, mother of asses." "Good morning," she replied, "my dear children."



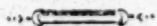
An instance of affectation. A nobleman having a large party to supper at his country seat, gave the entertainment in a hall through the doors of which the garden formed a most delightful view, and rendered it extremely pleasant. The festivity of the evening was however disturbed by a lady starting up, thinking she saw a spider on her gown. She said not a word, but ran with her utmost speed into the garden, where she fell motionless on a grass plat. When she recovered, she found herself supported by a gentleman who with the greatest politeness, enquired into the cause of her

her

her fright. "Was it very large madam."
 "frightfully so, indeed!" "really, and
 "I not to see it!" "did it fly near me,
 "or to you at its first entrance?" "fly!
 "sir, a spider fly!" "What! was it but
 "a spider?—O you stupid simpleton!
 "bless my soul! I thought it had been
 "a bat."

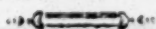


A countryman once took a fancy to hear the Latin disputes of doctors at the university. He was asked, what pleasure he could derive from viewing such combatants, when he could not even know which of the parties had the better. "For that matter," he replied, "I am not such a fool, but I can see who's the first to put the other in a passion."



Henry the Fourth, king of France, always made his children call him papa
 or

or father, and not the usual ceremonious title of sir, or "your majesty." He used frequently to join in their amusements; and one day as he was going on all-fours with the dauphin, his son, on his back, an ambassador entered his apartment suddenly, and surprised him in this attitude. The monarch, without moving from it, said to him, "Monsieur l'ambassadeur, have you any children?" "Yes, sire," replied he. — "Very well then," said the king, "I shall finish my race round my chamber."



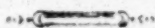
The late sir John Barber, whose virtues are too indelibly written in the hearts of honest men ever to be erased, had a son whose resemblance to his father was very faint. In a course of extravagance,

travagance, he had tired himself of this kingdom, and said he wished for nothing more than an opportunity of seeing the world. Sir John listened to him with great attention, and then replied, "indeed Jack, I should not have the least objection to your travelling, and seeing the world, provided the world could not see you."



George II. passing through his chamber one evening, preceded by a single page, a small canvas bag of guineas, which he held in his hand, accidentally dropped, and one of them rolled under a closet door, in which wood was usually kept for the use of his bed-chamber. After the king had very deliberately picked up the money, he found himself deficient of a guinea; and guessing where

where it went, "come," said he to the page, "we must find this guinea; here, help me to throw out the wood." The page and he accordingly went to work, and in a short time found it. "Well," said the king, "you have wrought hard, there is the guinea for your labour, but I would have nothing lost."

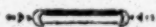


When any one was speaking ill of another in the presence of Peter the Great, he at first listened with great attention, and then interrupted him, saying, "Is there not a fair side also to the character of the person you are speaking of? Come, tell me his good qualities."

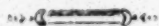


A young man, who boasted having discovered the secret of making gold, claimed

claimed a reward from his sovereign. The monarch appeared to acquiesce very graciously to his demand, and the alchymist promised himself the highest honours; when he went, however, for his recompense, he had the mortification to receive only a large empty purse, with this consolation, "that since he knew how to make gold, he needed but a purse to keep it in."



A very plain man acting the character of Mithridates on a French theatre, when Monimia said to him, "My lord you change countenance," a young fellow in the pit cried, "for heaven's sake, let him."

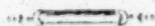


In 1586, Philip II. sent the young Connetable de Castille to Rome, to congratulate

E

late

late Sextus V. on his advancement. The Pope imprudently said, "are there so few men in Spain that your king sends me one without a beard?" "Sir," said the fierce Spaniard, "if his majesty had possessed the least idea, that you imagined merit lay in a beard, he would doubtless have deputed a goat to you, and not a gentleman."



A very young clergyman who had just left college presented a petition to the king, requesting his majesty would appoint him to a very important office. The king being much offended at his presumption, wrote under it 2 Samuel, chap. x. ver. 5; and returned it. On turning to the place, the young clergyman had the mortification to read these words, "Tarry at Jericho until your beard be grown."

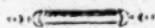
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An Arab having complained to the Sultan of two unknown persons having entered his house to insult his family, the Sultan immediately repaired thither, and causing the lights to be put out, seized the criminals, had their heads enveloped in a cloak, and commanded them to be killed. The execution being thus performed, he ordered lights to be brought, and having examined the faces of the victims, fell on his knees, rendering the most fervent thanks and praises to God. "What favour," said an attendant, "has my lord received of Heaven?" "I thought my sons," replied the Sultan, "had been the authors of these crimes; therefore I ordered the lights to be put out, and the faces of these unhappy wretches covered with a cloak; I was tearful, lest parental tenderness should triumph over the justice I owe my subjects." Judge

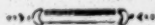
E 2

"whether

“ whether I ought not to thank Heaven,
“ when I find myself just, without taking
“ away the life of my sons.”

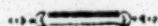


A blind man had a wife whom he tenderly loved, altho' he had been frequently told she was extremely plain ; a celebrated physician having offered to cure him, he refused him, saying, “ I should then lose that love for my wife, in which my whole happiness now consists.”

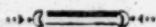


An Emperor extremely irritated against an astrologer, asked him ironically, if he knew what death he should die. He replied, “ of a fever.” “ There you are mistaken,” replied the emperor, “ You shall die this moment on the rack. The guards immediately seized him when he cried out, “ let them feel my pulse

"pulse, they will find my prediction
 "true, I am certainly in a very high
 "fever." This sally saved his life.



A very rich citizen of Lyons having
 had his nativity cast, had so arranged his
 affairs that his possessions should just last
 him to the hour of his death. However,
 outliving the expected period, he was ab-
 solutely reduced to beggary, and in the
 following terms would implore charity,
 "Pity a man who has lived longer than
 "he expected."



The king of Prussia had heard that a
 corporal in one of his regiments, who was
 known as a handsome young man, wore
 out of vanity a watch chain suspended
 from a bullet in his fob. He had the
 curiosity to investigate the fact, and

walking purposely by him one morning, said, "Why corporal, you are a brave fellow to have saved enough to buy a watch." "Sire," said the corporal, "I flatter myself I am brave, but as for my watch, it is of little signification." The king pulling out a gold watch, said, "by my watch it is five; what is it by yours?" The corporal, pulling out his bullet with a trembling hand, replied, "My watch neither tells me five nor six, but shews me clearly, that I must be ready at any time to die for your majesty."



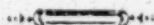
A blind man having buried five hundred pounds in a corner of his garden, was robbed of them by a neighbour who saw him at work. Suspecting who had stolen his treasure, he went to him, and asked his advice, in the most friendly way.

way, concerning a bag with a thousand guineas, which he said he had by him, and would gladly know his opinion about the disposal of them, "I have at present," said he, "five hundred pounds in a certain part of my garden, and I believe I shall decide upon putting this there likewise." His neighbour hearing this, took the first opportunity of replacing the five hundred pounds, in hopes of being able soon to draw out more than double the sum, but the blind man having attained his end, put it out of his power to make a second attempt.



"My verses cost me very little," said a poet. "They cost, then, what they are worth," said a hearer.

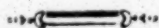
It is reported that an artist once presented to Queen Elizabeth, a piece of paper the size of a shilling, upon which was written, "the Ten Commandments, the Creed, and the Lord's Prayer," together with the name of the Queen, and the date of the year. It is likewise added, that the same artist invented a pair of spectacles through which they might plainly be read.



It having been reported to the Dauphin of France, that a man in that country had made a little coach so constructed as to be drawn by fleas, he asked the Prince of Conti, who he imagined made the harness? "O," replied the Prince, "probably some spider in the neighbourhood."

A Gre-

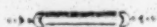
A Grecian having been much ridiculed in Scythia for his loquacity, reminded them he was from the same country as Plato, and of course entitled to respect. "If you wish us to respect you," said a Scythian, "talk like Plato."



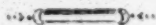
The introduction of a certain naval officer to the prince of Wales, originated in the following whimsical circumstance. His royal highness was disputing with a gentleman on the subject of naval tactics, and finally agreed to refer the decision to the son of Neptune who was in the adjoining room. A note was dispatched by the gentleman, requesting the officer's attendance, which concluded with this inaccuracy of spelling, "you must be a very competent judge, having been *bread* to the sea." This was the neat and sarcastical reply; "I never was

E 5 "*bread*

"*bread* to the sea, but the sea was *bread*
 " to me, and very bad *bread* it was,"

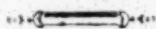


A courtier in France, in the reign of Louis XIII. playing at picquet in an open gallery, observed the president (whose name was Gaussaut) talking very free of his method of play, and having purposely made some trifling mistake exclaimed, "What stupid play! I protest I
 " am a mere Gaussaut!" "You are a
 " mere fool," replied Gaussaut. "True," returned the other, "that was what I
 " meant."



The duke of Orleans, when regent, asked a stranger the characteristics of the different nations through which he had travelled. The best method of acquainting your royal highness with their characters

racters is to tell you the first questions generally asked in each country, at first sight of a traveller. In Spain, they say, "Is that a grandee of the first order?" In Holland, "Is that a rich man?" In France, "Is he a courtier?" In England, "Who is that man?"



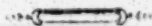
A first-rate singer being suddenly taken ill just before the curtain rose for the representation of an opera, an actor of inferior powers undertook the character designed for him. He had no sooner opened his lips to sing than he was violently hissed; but not in the least discouraged by his reception, he came forward, and addressing the pit, said, "Pray did any of you suppose that for my salary of forty shillings a week, I was going to give you a voice worth twenty

E 6 "pounds?"

“ pounds ? ” This had the desired effect, and his judicious observation procured him indulgence.



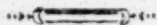
In besieging a certain town the soldiers had been strictly forbidden to give quarter to any one. An officer however begged hard for his life of one of the besiegers. “ Ask me any thing else,” replied he, “ but for your life I cannot consent.”



A curate having drank one day rather too freely, had to baptize a child, which office being rather awkward in performing *steadily*, he exclaimed, “ how extremely difficult this child is to baptize ! ”

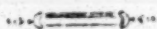
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The abbé G—— was once engaged in a violent dispute with a gentleman among a large party, who being at the bottom of the table, the distance between them rendered the accomplishment of any personal insult impracticable. “Sir,” said the gentleman, “if I were near you, I should give you a box on the ear, *so you may consider the blow as given.*” “And, Sir,” replied the Abbé, “were I near you, I should draw my sword, and run you through the body, *so you may consider your-self as dead.*”



A very awkward squire, being obliged to mount a horse rather higher than he had been accustomed to ride, exclaimed, while putting his foot in the stirrup, “Jupiter, assist me,” in saying this he made so violent an effort that he fell over
on

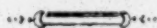
on the contrary side, "Oh! Jupiter," said he, "you gave me more assistance than I asked."



During the war in 1672, a poor woman who sold beer among the army, set down her barrel near a tent, and cried as loud as she could, "Here's fine beer; two-pence a quart!" a soldier on the other side of the tent, cried at the same time, "Here's fine beer; three-half-pence a quart." "Alas," said she, "some cruel deceiver, undersells me, and I shall return with my whole stock." This however was not the case, for on looking into the barrel she perceived she had not a drop left. The fact was, the soldier had pierced the other end of the barrel, and sold every drop at "three half-pence a quart."

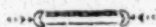
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The lady of a certain manor having promised a young man to portion any young woman in the village he should fix on for his wife, gave him one morning *ten pounds* for the purpose, at the same time expressing a desire to see his bride, he carried her the most deformed, and plain woman he could select. "Bless me," she exclaimed, "and is this your choice?" "Lord bless you," replied the youth archly, "Why what could I expect for ten pounds?"



As a poor miller was riding on his ass, he stopped to look at a grand procession, which so occupied his attention, that he did not observe two men who played him the following trick. Having cut the girths of his saddle, they supported it by two poles while they drew the ass backwards from under him. The procession

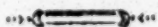
cession being over, the miller gave his customary kick, but finding the deficiency, exclaimed, to the great entertainment of the by-standers, "bless me! " where is my ass?"



A monk shewing the curiosities of his convent before a numerous assembly, declared the most curious to be a hair of the Virgin Mary, which he seemed to hold out to their view. A peasant who wished above all things to behold so great a curiosity, having stared for some minutes in vain, cried out, "my " good father! I do not see any thing." "See! no, to be sure," replied the monk, how could *you* expect it? "I " myself have shewn this precious relic " for twenty years, and even my eyes " were never yet blest with a sight."

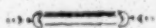
Great

Great talkers are seldom very observant; the following anecdote is an excellent instance of it. A lady whose chief delight was in talking, without caring whether she was answered or not, had been promised by a friend who wished to reform her, an introduction to a gentleman extremely learned and agreeable. When in his company, she talked so much, and asked so many questions one on the other, that she did not observe he had not replied to one. The visit ended, her friend enquired how she liked him: "O," said she, "What wit! What learning! What gallantry!" That was sufficient to raise the laugh at her expence; they had introduced her to a dumb man.



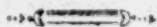
It was an ill-natured reply, when mentioned, "such an one has a vast deal
of

of wit," to say, "he must needs have a
"vast deal, for he never wastes any."



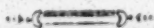
Gustavus Adolphus looked upon duelling as the destruction of military discipline, and wishing to abolish so unnatural a custom, made a law, by which it was death to any challenger. Some little time after the law had been established, two officers of superior rank having had a dispute, requested his Majesty's permission to decide it sword in hand. The King at first was highly offended, but consented after some entreaty, on condition that the duel was to be public, and in his presence. On the day appointed, his Majesty, attended by a corps of infantry joined the assembly of spectators, who had already prepared the ground for the combatants. Nothing remained but the signal for the onset, which all expected

pected from the King. His Majesty steadfastly observing them, cried out, "Fall on; but the moment one of them is slain," said he, turning to the public executioner, "instantly bring me the head of the other." At these words the rivals stood some time immoveable, but their crime in wishing to break the law, striking them with compunction, they threw themselves at his feet, implored his pardon, and vowed to each other eternal friendship.



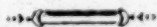
An officer engaged to dine with some ladies of quality had drest himself in the nicest style of elegance, and was picking his way along the street; unluckily, a carriage passing at the time, one of the horses plunged, and splashed him from head to feet. Enraged at his situation, he dragged the poor coachman from his box,

box, and gave him twenty or thirty blows with his cane. While he was beating him, a gentleman inside the coach put down the window, asking "if he had almost done." The officer, still in the heat of passion, replied, "What, Sir, do you take the rascal's part?" "O, no," returned the other, "only having hired my coach by the hour, every blow you give him will stand me in six-pence."



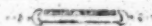
The love of long christian names by the Spaniards has frequently been an object of ridicule. A Spaniard on his travels arrived in the night-time at a little village in France, in which there was but one hotel. As it was almost midnight, he knocked at the door a long while without hearing one stir. At length the host putting his head out of his

his chamber window, asked who was there. The Spaniard replied, "Don Juan, Pedro, Hernandez, Rodriguez, Alvarez de Villa-nova, Count de Masafra, Cavellero de Santiagog d'Alcantara." "Mercy on me," said the host as he shut the window, "I have but two spare beds, and do you ask me lodging for a score?"



It is a well known custom in England, to give to the servants of the noblemen at whose house you dine, or indeed the sum you are obliged to give is generally according to the quality of the master. An officer having frequently given more than the worth of his dinner, when he dined with a certain Duke, one day requested a list of his servant's names. The Duke astonished at such a request, wished to know his motive. "Why really,"

“really,” replied the officer, “as I
 “cannot *now* afford to pay for the many
 “good dinners I make at your table, I
 “wish to know your servant’s names,
 “that I may remember them in my
 “Will.”



The wife of a noble Venitian having lost her only son, gave herself up to the most lively grief. A friendly priest, wishing to console her, bade her remember how God commanded Abraham to sacrifice his only son. “Ah, Reverend “Father,” replied she, “God would “never have demanded such a sacrifice “of a *Mother*.”



A French dancing-master asked one of his friends, if it was really true that Harley was made Count of Oxford, and
 Chief

Chief Treasurer of England. On being answered in the affirmative, "That amazes me," said he, "What merit can the Queen have found in this Harley? for my part I have had him under my hands these two years, and cannot make any thing of him?"



When the invasion of our island was so much the public topic, a little boy one day interrupted his father, by asking if the French would bring their children with them- "Why?" said his father, "Because," returned the child, clinching his fists, and putting himself in a boxing attitude, "How bravely would I fight them!"



A one-eyed counsellor cross-examining a witness, being much taxed with
asking

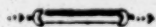
asking superfluous questions, at length replied in a passion, " I call the whole
 " court to witness I have not advanced
 " one unnecessary position during the
 " examination, nor will I till it is
 " ended." " You must take out one of
 " the glasses of your spectacles then,"
 said the prisoner,



A usurer finding his trade greatly decrease, owing to his numerous brethren, requested the clergyman of the town where he lived, to preach against usury. The clergyman congratulated him upon his apparent conversion; " not too fast," said the usurer, " I want you to convert
 " my brother professors, that I may obtain their customers."

An

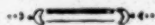
An ignorant porter had been placed as sentinel at the door of an assembly, with strict injunctions to let no one come in without a ticket. A man of fashion presently came, and was repulsed, as having no ticket. "You must not come in here, sir," said the porter, "that is my order." "Oh, ho!" replied the other, "Is that your order? I do not want to *come in* here; all I want is to *go out* here." "Nay, nay, I dare not refuse you that," said the porter, and pushed him into the room himself.



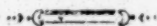
A quack having promised to shew all who chose to attend him, "the very devil," multitudes surrounded him, waiting impatiently the *very interesting* spectacle. At length having collected pretty liberally, he opened a large empty purse, and presenting it to their view,

F exclaimed,

exclaimed, "an empty purse, when one
 "has need of a full one, is *the very*
 "*devil.*"



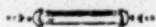
Talking on the subject of a * metempsychosis, a silly young man once observed, he remembered having been the golden calf, "very likely," replied a lady, "as
 "you have lost nothing but the gilding."



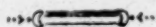
Bautru being in Spain, paid a visit to the celebrated library of the Escorial, which happened at that time to be under the care of a very *ignorant* librarian. The king of Spain asked him many questions concerning his entertainment. "It is
 "a most incomparable treat," replied he,
 "but your majesty ought to make your
 "librarian prime lord of the Treasury,

* *Nile* System of Pythagoras.

"as he never appropriates any of the
" *riches* in his care to his own use."



Alexander, in the heat of his warlike operations, was reading some secret dispatches, of much importance. Ephes-
tion, one of his generals, came and looked over him. The king said not a word, but taking off his ring, made the sign of an impression (as of a seal) on the lips of his favourite.

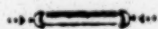


Gonzalvo of Cordova, general under Ferdinand V. king of Arragon, heard the powder magazine blow up with a dreadful explosion, on the first discharge of the enemy, "My sons," said this brave man to his soldiers, "Victory will be
" ours; Heaven announces to us the
" glorious tidings, and tells us by his

F 2

"thunder,

“thunder, we shall have no farther occasion for our artillery.”



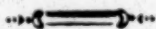
An Italian monk preaching at Rome before the cardinals, on the festival of St. Luke, suddenly forgot the subsequent sentence of his sermon, when he had scarcely preached ten minutes, and all his resource was the text, “Luke the physician salutes you.” This he was obliged frequently to repeat; at length one of the cardinals, tired of the repetition, rose, “and desired that he would salute him in return, from them.”



A clergyman not having much pleased his congregation by his discourse, was told by one of them, that the Sunday before he had done much better. “Why,” “I did not preach;” replied he; “and precisely,

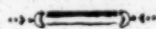


"precisely for that reason," returned the other, "you did better than you have done to-day."



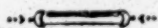
A gentleman much against the custom of giving to the servants of the friends where he dined, thought of a trick, which he resolved to play them at a certain nobleman's house at his next visit. He collected about a dozen farthings, and as they stood in two rows, forming an avenue, when he left the house, he distributed one to each, alternately right and left; by the time he had given the last, the butler, with whom he had begun, perceived his donation, and respectfully advancing, began very humbly to stammer out an apology. "I believe, sir, you have — made a slight mistake —" " — you have —." "Oh, no," said the gentleman, "I never give less

“ — I never give less.” In vain did the poor man attempt to explain — the gentleman hurried to his coach, still exclaiming, whenever he endeavoured to speak, “ I never give less.”



Two friends who had not seen each other a long while, met one morning quite by chance. “ How do you do ? ” said one. “ Why not very well,” replied the other, “ I have been married “ since I saw you.” “ Well done, that “ is good news however.” “ Not so “ very good, for my wife was a most “ woeful scold.” — “ That was bad.” — “ Not so bad “ neither, she brought me “ two thousand pounds.” — “ That was “ consolation tho’.” — “ Not entirely, “ for I speculated in sheep, which all “ died of the rot.” — “ That was very “ unfortunate ! ” — “ Not so *very* unfor-
“ tunate,

"tunate, for I made as much by their
 "skins as I should have done by their
 "flesh."—"Then you were as lucky as
 "if it had not happened."—"Not quite;
 "for my house was one night burnt,
 "and every note of the money con-
 "sumed."—"What a most woeful mis-
 "fortune!"—"Not so woeful as you
 "may imagine, for my *wife* and my
 "house were burnt together."



A Frenchman having frequently heard
 the word *press* made use of to imply
persuade, as "press that gentleman to
 "take some refreshment," "press him
 "to stay to-night;" thought he would
 shew his talents by using (what he ima-
 gined) a synonymous term; and therefore
 made no scruple one evening to cry out
 in company, "pray *squeeze* that lady to
 sing."

A Lacedemonian having fallen in battle, his conqueror aimed a blow at his back. Wounded and weak as he was, he made an effort to turn himself, "strike me before ;" he cried, "that my friends may not blush for me after my death."

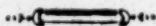


A man much addicted to drinking, being extremely ill with a fever, a consultation was held in his bed-chamber by three physicians, how to "cure the fever, and abate the thirst." "Gentlemen," said he, "I'll take half the trouble off your hands ; you cure the *fever*, and I'll abate the *thirst* myself."



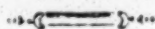
Some young officers had indulged one night a little too freely in a social glass, and (as is the usual consequence of intemperance)

temperance) had likewise given their tongues rather more liberty than propriety could authorize, having spoken very disrespectfully of their general. Being overheard, and the general having been told of their different reflections on him, he made them appear before him the next morning, and asked them if what he had heard was true. "No doubt of the truth of it," replied one, "and it is very probable we should have said much more, if the wine had lasted any longer."

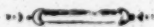


A ruined debtor, having done his utmost to satisfy his creditors, said to them, "Gentlemen I have been extremely perplexed till now how to satisfy you; but having done my utmost endeavour, I shall leave you to satisfy yourselves."

A beggar once asked charity of a man whose circumstances were far from easy. "Alas! my friend," he replied, "if you had not prevented me, I was going to make the same request to you."

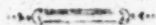


A young man named Eretrius, was for a considerable time a follower of Zeno. On his return home, his father asked him what he had learned. The other replied, "that would appear hereafter." On hearing this, the father being enraged, beat his son, who, bearing it patiently, and without complaining, said, "he had learned this,—to endure a parent's anger."



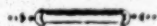
A student of Trinity-College, Cambridge, proud of his logical acquirements, was solicitous of a private disputation

tation with the renowned Henderson. Some mutual friends introduced him; and having chosen their subject, they conversed for some time with equal candour and moderation; but Henderson's antagonist perceiving his confutation inevitable (forgetting the character of a gentleman, and with a resentment engendered by his former arrogance), threw a glass of wine in his face. Henderson, without altering his features or changing his position, gently wiped his face, and then coolly said, "This, sir, is a digression, now for the argument." It is hardly necessary to add, the insult was resented by the company's turning the aggressor out of the room.



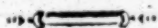
Alexander at one time sent to Phocion a great present in money. Phocion said to the messenger, "why does the king

send to me, and to none else?" The messenger answered, "because he takes you to be the only good man in Athens." Phocion replied, "if he thinks so, let him suffer me to be so still."

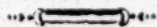


Hogarth, soon after he set up his carriage, had occasion to pay a visit to the lord mayor. When he went out, the weather was fine, but business detained him till a violent shower of rain came on. He was let out of the Mansion-House by a different door to that his carriage stopped at, and seeing it rain, he began immediately to call for a hackney coach. Not one was to be met with on any of the neighbouring stands; and our artist sallied forth to brave the storm, actually reaching Leicester-Fields without bestowing a thought upon his own carriage,

carriage, till Mrs. Hogarth (seeing him splashed and wet) asked him where he had left it.

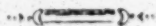


A town much noted for an annual fair for the sale of Asses, had deputed the mayor to harangue their prince, who was preparing to enter it. A courtier in the prince's suite, perceiving his highness rather tired with the unpolished oration, thought to divert him at the expense of the orator. "Pray," said he, "how did asses sell last fair." The mayor, contemptuously eyeing him from top to toe, replied, "those of your size and shape fetched about ten crowns." He then went on with his speech.



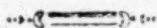
The following anecdote was related by Dr. Hunter. A lady in an advanced
age,

age, and in a declining state of health, went, by the advice of her physician, to take lodgings in Islington. She agreed for a suite of rooms; but, as she came down stairs, remarked the bannisters were much out of repair, observing, they must be mended before she could think of coming there. "Madam," replied the landlord, "that will answer no purpose, as the undertaker's men, from the attic story, are continually breaking the bannisters in bringing down the coffins." The old lady was so shocked at this funeral intelligence, that she immediately declined occupying the apartments.

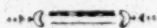


The Emperor Theodosius, committing his sons to be instructed by the learned Arsenius, said to them, "children, if you take care to ennoble your souls
" with

" with knowledge and virtue, I shall
 " leave you my crown with pleasure ;
 " but if you neglect that, I had rather
 " see you lose the empire, than hazard it
 " in the hands of those who are unfit to
 " govern it : it is better you should suf-
 " fer the loss of it, than occasion its
 " ruin."

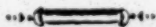


Sir Francis Blake Delaval having mar-
 ried an extreme ugly lady, though very
 rich, was asked by his friends how he
 could think of marrying such a woman.
 " Look ye, said he, " I bought her
 " by weight, and paid nothing for fa-
 " shion."



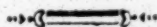
Mrs. Wrioughten being one day rather
 indisposed with a cold, her husband
 came into the parlour where she was
 practising

practising an air for Vauxhall, and observing a phial of physic which she had before said she had taken, he flung it at her head with great fury. A gentleman in the neighbourhood, mentioning the cruelty of it some time afterwards to a friend, he very drily observed, he could not see any great impropriety in the affair; Mrs. W. was singing, and Mr. W. only accompanied her with the *viol.*



Francis the First, a pattern of literature, was, one day on his return from divine service, presented, by some distinguished poet, with an elegant *epigram*. This the king read during dinner, and declared to those about him, that he had never been more agreeably *feasted* than by this epigram. One of the courtiers, hearing this declaration, hastened to the kitchen,

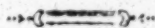
kitchen, and calling the cook to him, asked what the *epigram* was that he had dressed for the king, imagining it some choice dish. The cook denying that he had sent up any new dish, the courtier was so provoked that he beat him; and the matter being brought before the king, he could not fail to laugh heartily at the stupidity of the courtier.



An English officer being sent from the camp to the court, during a hard frost, had no sooner delivered his letters to the king, than the chamberlain of the household appointed him a lodging in the palace, as he was to return to the camp the next day. But he refused it, saying, "it does not become me to sleep on a bed of down, while my general
"and my comrades have no pillow but
"the earth."

A certain

A certain monk playing at tennis with Francis the First, against some lords of his court, made one blow which decided the game in favour of the king. This prince much surprized said, "a famous blow for a monk." "Sire," answered the monk, "you may make it an *Abbé's* blow, if it is your pleasure."



When Marshall Tallard was riding with the Duke of Marlborough in his carriage, after the victory of Blenheim, "My lord duke," said he, "you have beaten to day, the best troops in the world." "I hope," said the duke, "you except those who had the honour of beating them."



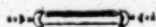
The late Dr. Howard collecting a
brief with the parish-officers of St.
George,

George, Southwark, where he had been many years rector, called, among the rest of the inhabitants, on a tradesman with whom he had a running account. To prevent being first asked for a settlement, he asked if he was not some trifle in his debt: on referring to the ledger, there appeared a balance of seventeen shillings in favour of the tradesman. The doctor had recourse to his pocket; and pulling out some halfpence, a little silver, and a guinea, the tradesman eyeing the latter with some surprise, exclaimed, "Bless me, you seem to have got a *stranger* there." "Indeed I have," said the doctor, returning it very deliberately into his pocket, "and before we part, we must be better acquainted."

Mr.

Mr. Locke having been introduced by Lord Shaftsbury to the Duke of Buckingham and Lord Halifax, these three noblemen, instead of conversing with the philosopher, as might naturally have been expected, on literary subjects, in a very short time sat down to cards. Mr. Locke, after looking on for some time, pulled out his pocket-book, and began to write with great attention. One of them observing this, took the liberty to ask him what he was writing. "My lord," said Locke, "I am endeavouring, as far as possible, to profit by my present situation; for having waited with impatience for the honour of being in company with the greatest geniuses of the age, I thought I could do nothing better than write down their conversation, and indeed I have set down the substance of what you have said for this hour or two." This well-

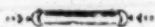
well-timed ridicule had its desired effect; and these noblemen, fully sensible of its force, soon after quitted their play, and entered into a conversation more rational, and better suited to the dignity of their character.



ANECDOTE OF VOLTAIRE.

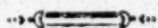
The late Empress of Russia once sent this celebrated genius a little ivory box of her *own* making. Voltaire, unwilling to be behind in etiquette, got his niece to instruct him in the art of knitting stockings, and actually finished the greatest part of a pair of white silk, when he became completely tired. In this state, however, he sent them to the Empress, with a charming poetical epistle, replete with gallantry, in which he told her, that as she had presented him with a piece of man's workmanship wrought

wrought by a woman, he held it his duty to crave her acceptance of a piece of woman's work in return, from the hands of a man.



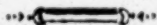
A Spaniard travelling through a vast desert, met an Indian on horseback ; as he was likewise on horseback, but feared his horse would not be strong enough to go through the desert unwearied, he would fain change horses with the Indian. This, however, the Indian was very unwilling to agree to ; and the Spaniard seeing no other method left, determined to claim the horse as one he had lost, and to refer his cause to a party whom he saw approaching with their chief at their head. When the Spaniard had told his tale, the Indian also begged to be heard : " As this man," said he, (at the same time covering the horse's head

head with his cloak) "says he lost this
 "horse, no doubt he can tell which is
 "his blind eye." The Spaniard, trust-
 ing to chance, and unwilling to be
 thought to hesitate, replied immediately,
 "the right eye." The Indian returned,
 "he is neither blind with the right eye
 "nor with the left;" and the horse was
 adjudged him, with a severe reprimand
 to the Spaniard.



Mr. Garrick was once present with
 Dr. Johnson at the table of some noble-
 man, where, amongst other guests, was
 one of whose near connections some dis-
 graceful anecdote was then in circula-
 tion. It had reached the ears of John-
 son, who, after dinner, took an oppor-
 tunity of relating it in his most acrimo-
 nious manner. Garrick, who sat next
 him, pinched his arm, trod on his toe,
 and

and made use of other means to interrupt his narration ; but all was in vain. The doctor proceeded, and when he had finished the story, he turned gravely round to Garrick, of whom before he had taken no notice whatever. "Thrice," said he, "Davy, have you trod upon my
 "toe, thrice have you pinched my arm;
 "and now, if what I have related be a
 "falsehood, convict me, before the
 "whole company."



The Marquis of Abercorn determining at least, in his own arrangements, to obtain punctuality from his visitors, invited a large party to dinner. The card mentioned five precisely. His lordship found himself attended at *that hour* by a *single* gentleman; he, however, sat down to dinner with him, and partook of the first course. About *six*, his visitors

sitors began to drop in; his lordship made no apology, they seated themselves in awkward confusion, looked at their watches, and took dinner. The still more polite part of the company arrived about *seven*, and instead of dinner, were complimented with coffee.

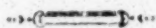


When Mrs. Glynn made her entrée as Lady Townly, some years since, in Dublin, three high-bred women of fashion in the stage-box, grossly insulted her, by talking loud, coughing, &c. The actress, greatly distressed, stopped, burst into tears, and retired. The ladies, unabashed, for a moment enjoyed their triumph, when a great uproar ensued, and "go on, go on," was heard from all parts of the house. A young collegian then suddenly jumped on one of the benches in the middle of the pit, and

G

exclaimed

exclaimed to the audience, "My friends, who sit about me, are determined the play shall not go on, till those *drunken men* in women's clothes leave the stage-box." This address was universally applauded, and being followed by a shower of oranges and apples from both galleries, the amazonians retired in the utmost confusion, amidst the hisses of the spectators.



The famous miser Cutler was extremely rich; but his astonishing avarice deprived him of any one comfort of life. He usually travelled on horseback, and quite alone, to avoid the superfluous charge of servant's food. Of an evening, when he arrived at any inn, he would feign sickness, as an excuse for not ordering a supper. He would desire the Ostler to bring him a little straw to

put

put in his boots; he would then desire his bed warmed, and get into it. When the servant had left the room, he would rise, and with the straw taken from his boots, make a little fire, on which he would broil a red herring, which he ever carried about him. He had always the precaution to furnish himself with bread, and to make them bring him at first a bottle of water, and thus he frequently supped at a trifling expense.



A magistrate having waited till Leopold, Duke of Lorraine, came out of his chamber, to solicit a place the Duke had just given to another. His grace, unwilling to give him a flat refusal, only said, "Rest content, sir, your friend has just obtained the place you have been soliciting for him."

A foreigner went to one of our *English* taylors, and asked how much cloth was necessary for a suit of clothes. He replied, *twelve* yards. Astonished at the quantity, he went to another, who said *seven* would be quite sufficient. Not thinking of the exorbitancy even of this demand, all his rage was against the first taylor; so to him he went. "How did you dare, sir, ask twelve yards of cloth," said he, "to make me what your neighbour says he can do for seven?" "Lord sir!" replied the man, "my neighbour can easily do it, he has but *three* children to cloath. "I have six."

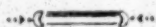


A custom has for many years prevailed at Devizes, of which the following anecdote is the foundation. A poor weaver passing through the place without money,

money, and without friends, being overtaken by hunger, applied for charity to a baker, who gave him a loaf. The weaver made his way to Coventry, where, after many years of industry, he made a fortune, and by his will, in remembrance of the above act, bequeathed a sum, in trust, for the purpose of distributing on the anniversary day, when he was so relieved, a halfpenny loaf to every person in the town, and to every traveller passing through the town, a penny loaf. This will is faithfully administered; and the Duke of Austria passing through the town with his suite on the day of distributing the Coventry-loaf, in their way from Bath to London, a penny loaf was presented to each of them, which the Duke and Duchess accepted, and partook of with much pleasure at breakfast.

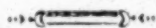
A Gascon, who had been for some years in the service of Louis XIV. obtained from the king a gratification of fifteen hundred livres. He went immediately to be paid by M. Colbert, who, just at his coming, had sat down to dinner. Notwithstanding, he passed boldly into the dining room, and asked which was Colbert. "I am the person," said Colbert, "what would you have of me?" "A trifle scarce worth mentioning," replied the other, "a small order from the king for fifteen hundred livres." M. Colbert, with his usual good-nature, desired him to be seated, and partake of their fare, which the Gascon did without a second invitation. After dinner, he was directed by him to one of his clerks, who gave him a thousand livres. The Gascon said there was five hundred more coming to him. "Very true," replied the other, "but

“but so much has been stopped for
 “your dinner.” “Ods fish!” returned
 the Gascon, “five hundred livres
 “for a dinner! I give but twenty sous
 “at the eating-house. Take back your
 “thousand; I will bring a friend tomorrow
 “and dine, and all will then be paid.”
 Monsieur Colbert so admired the fellow’s
 good-nature, he paid him the whole of the
 money, and did him many good offices.



Dr. Henniker being in private conversation
 with the Earl of Chatham, his Lordship
 asked him among other questions, what was
 wit, according to his opinion. “Wit,” he
 replied, “my Lord, “is what a pension
 would be, given by
 “your Lordship to your humble servant;
 “a good thing well applied.”

One day, just as a French officer had arrived at Vienna, the Empress knowing that he had seen a certain Princess much celebrated for her beauty, asked him if it was really true, that she was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. "I thought so yesterday," he replied.

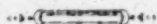


Malek, Vizier of the Calif Mostadi, having gained a considerable victory over the Greeks, took their Emperor prisoner. Having caused him to be brought before him in his tent, he asked him what treatment he expected from his conqueror. "If you go to war as a King," replied he, "send me back to my dominions, if as a Merchant, name my ransom; if as a Butcher, cut my throat." He was immediately sent back without ransom.

In

In one of the sessions of the last Parliament, there had been an unusual number of bills brought in by the Commons, which had been corrected, and amended by the House of Lords. Amongst others, a bill from the Commons, "To rectify a mistake in the sinking fund bill," by Mr. Gilbert, to whom the public are much indebted for various plans for the better care of the poor, houses of *correction*, &c. The Earl Bathurst went down in the usual form to receive the said bill; and, after listening with great attention to the message delivered by his friend (Mr. Gilbert) jocosely said to him, "You have been a long time, Mr. Gilbert, wishing for a good *house of correction*, and I now congratulate you on having found one; for this house has been nothing but a *house of correction* for the errors and mistakes of your house this whole session."

Lord Bottetot, in passing through Gloucester, soon after the cyder tax, in which he was very unpopular, observed himself burning in effigy; he stopped his coach, and giving a purse of guineas to the mob, said "Pray Gentlemen, if you will burn me, burn me like a Gentleman; do not let me linger; I see you have not faggots enough." This good-humoured speech appeased the people, who gave him three cheers, and let him pass.



A certain counsellor alike famous for his eloquence and covetousness, and who seldom considered the goodness of the cause he undertook, provided his fee was proportionable, was consulted by a notorious robber, who promised him a large reward, provided he got him clear off; the pleader managed so dexterously, that

that he saved the rogue from the gallows, and the client, to shew his gratitude, hastened to his house as soon as he was freed, and paid him a thousand crowns. The counsellor, in return for so generous a client, solicited the favour of his company to supper, and the night proving wet and dark, farther invited him to take a bed; which offer he accepted. The guest arose in the middle of the night, found the way to the room of his hospitable host, and without ceremony, bound and gagged him, re-pocketed his thousand crowns, and broke open a chest, containing much gold, with which, (after wishing him a good night) he marched off in triumph. If we screen a villain at the expense of our conscience, from law and justice, we merit no other return but ingratitude.

Mr. Burke, in his juvenile days, was extremely fond of private acting. A few of his companions proposed that he should play Richard the Third, and having given him the part at a very short notice, he arose by times one morning, and walked down a lane adjoining his father's house, so intent on studying his part, that he did not perceive a filthy ditch before him, and had just uttered with heroic dignity, "Thus far we have got into the bowels of the land," when he found himself up to his middle in the mire.



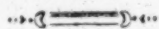
Lady Tempest was the only person who had the least influence with that unfortunate miser Daniel Dancer, and though she knew she should divide the bulk of his fortune with Captain Holmes, she,

she, with that gentleman, used every device to make him enjoy the good things of this world, but in vain. She had, however, one day the pleasure of prevailing on him to purchase a hat (having worn his own for thirteen years) from a Jew for a shilling; but to her great surprise, when she called the next day, she saw that the old *chapeau* still covered his head. On enquiry, it was found that, after much solicitation, he had prevailed on old Griffiths, his servant, to purchase the hat for eighteen-pence, for which he had given a shilling. One day her ladyship sent him a present of some trout stewed in claret, which he liked above all things. It was frosty weather, and from lying by a night, was almost frozen to ice. As he was a martyr to the toothache, he could not touch it, and to light a fire he thought expensive, tho', besides £.3000 per annum, his riches were immense.

mense. As he generally in severe weather laid in bed to keep himself warm, he had the fish and sauce put between two pewter plates, on which he sat till they were sufficiently thawed.

He never took snuff, for that was extravagant, but he always carried a snuff-box. This, probably, he would fill in the course of a month, by pinches obtained from others. When the box was full, he would barter the contents for a candle at a neighbouring shop; this candle was made to last till the box was full again, as he never suffered any light in his house, except when going to bed. He seldom washed his face or hands but when the sun shone, and then he would go to a neighbouring pool, and use sand instead of soap; when he was washed, he would lie on his back, and dry himself in the sun, as he never used a towel; for
when

when dirty it could not be washed without expense. Since his death there have been jugs of dollars and shillings found in the stable. At the dead of night he has been known to go to this place, but for what purpose even old Griffiths could not tell, though it now appears he used to rob one jug to add to the other.



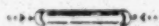
A physician who lived in London, visited a lady who resided at Chelsea; after continuing his visits for some time, the lady expressed an apprehension that it might be inconvenient for him to come so far on her account. "Oh! by no means," replied the Doctor, "I have another patient in the neighbourhood, and I always set out, hoping to kill two birds with one stone."

The

The Emperor Charles the Fifth used to unbend his mind in the society of a large baboon, which he had taught to play chess, a game the Emperor was remarkably fond of. One day the animal having *checkmated* the Emperor, he rose in a passion, and struck it so violent a blow on the head with the chess-board, that the blood flowed; but, on recollection, seeing the absurdity of his conduct, he soothed the poor animal, who was, with some difficulty, brought to be familiar with him. Some time after, the Emperor invited the baboon to his favourite amusement, when the animal again played a *checkmate*; and, recollecting the Emperor's anger on a former occasion, he sprang from his seat, and hid himself under the table, from which he was enticed but by the greatest persuasion.

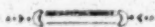
Louis

Louis D'Eon, on finding himself in the agonies of death, after having received the last sacrament, he sent for his daughter, Mademoiselle la Chevaliere D'Eon; and, on her approaching the bed to take her final leave, he took her by the hand, and said in a most tender tone of voice, " Ne vous inquietez point, ma fille, il est aussi naturel de mourir que de vivre. Je quitte une mauvaise patrie, pour aller dans une bonne. J'ai donné tous mes soins pour vous apprendre à bien vivre, Il faut que je vous apprenne à bien mourir." He then gave her his blessing, and expired.



When some charge was brought against Mr. Foote, to which he proved an alibi, his friends advised him to prosecute for perjury. " I'll do it," said he,

he, “ for I am certain the scoundrel has
 “ been egg’d on by the Duchess of King-
 “ ston, and I know no better method of
 “ *egging* him off, than by having him
 stand in the pillory.”

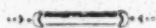


The tradesman of a certain great man, having dunned him a long while, he desired his servant one morning to admit the taylor, who had not been so constant in his attendance as the rest. When he made his appearance, “ My friend,” said he to him, “ I think you are an honest
 “ fellow, and I have a great regard for
 “ you, therefore I tell you plainly, you
 “ will *never* get a farthing from me : so
 “ now go home. and mind your busi-
 “ ness ; as for the others, they are a set
 “ of vagabonds, for whom I have no
 “ *affection* ; so they may lose as much
 “ time as they chuse in calling on me.

It

It is amusing to consider the number of English names that have any meaning, how low in general is their origin. What can be more offensive to a delicate ear than *Mangy, Belcher, Gorge, Trollop, Hussey*?—many take their names from the lowest tradesmen or mechanics; such as, *Smith, Mason, Gardener, Packer, Dyer, Turner, Taylor, Cook, Cooper, Carter, Draper, Glover, Barber, Butcher, Tiler, Plumber, Painter, Carpenter*; almost all kinds of birds, beasts, and fishes, are to be found among us; as, *Buck, Stag, Hind, Fox, Hart, Panther, Hare, Wolf, Bull, Lamb, Bullock, Duck, Drake, Sparrow, Rook, Gosling, Crow, Hawk, Kite, Heron, Crane, Parrot, Partridge, Woodcock, Widgeon, Sprat, Herring, Crab, Whiting, Salmon, &c.* The four points of the wind are used as surnames: *East, West, North, and South.* All the colours in the rainbow

bow are appropriated to the same purpose: as *Green, Black, Scarlet, Grey, Brown, White*. Even the different parts of our habitation furnish us with no inconsiderable number: we have *Garden, Wall, Hall, Court, Kitchen, Garret, Chambers, Wood, Stone, Lock, Key, Street, Lane, &c.* We have also *Field, Meadows, Hill, River, Lake, Pool, Pond, Dyke, Hedges*. We have *Rich, and Poor; Sharp, and Blunt; Long, and Short; Small, and Great; Walker, and Rider*. We have a great number formed by adding *son* to the usual christian names of men; as *Richardson, Dickson, Robertson, Jackson, Johnson, Thomson, Robinson, Davidson, Charleson, Harrison, Benson, William-son, &c.*

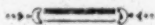


Dr. Saunders some time since going to his country house in his carriage, was
delayed

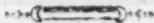
delayed by a turnpike-man, who refused to take the sixpence offered, saying it was a bad one. The doctor looked at it again, told him it was a very good one, and bade his coachman drive on. The turnpike-man directly seized the horses reins, when the coachman whipped him most unmercifully till he was obliged to let go his hold. Dr. S. being known, an action was immediately commenced, but put aside in two courts by the eloquence or interest of the defendant. However, it was renewed in another, against the coachman. Here the plaintiff obtained a verdict of £.30 damages, but when he came to Dr. S. thinking he would pay for his servant, he found, unfortunately, that the coachman having fallen sick during the action, had been put under the care of a *friend* of his master's, who had put him safe under ground, three days before.

When

When Fenelon's library was on fire, "God be praised," said he, "it is not the dwelling of some poor man!"



When Fenelon was almoner to Louis XIV. his Majesty was astonished to find, one Sunday, instead of a numerous congregation, only him and the priest. "What is the reason of this?" said the King, "I caused it to be given out, "Sire," replied he, "that your Majesty did not attend Chapel to-day, that you might know who came to worship God, and who to flatter the King."



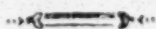
ANTIPATHIES.

Erasmus, though a native of Rotterdam, had such an aversion to fish, that the smell of it threw him into a fever. Ambrose Paré mentions a gentleman

tleman who could not see an eel without fainting. Joseph Scaliger, and Peter Abono, never could drink milk. Cardan was particularly disgusted at the sight of eggs. Uladislaus, King of Poland, could not bear to see apples. If an apple was shewn to Chesne, secretary to Francis the first, his nose would bleed, from exertion to restrain his displeasure.— Henry the third, of France, never could sit in the room with a cat. M. de Lancré, in his *Tableau de l'Inconstance de toutes choses*, gives an account of a very brave officer, who never dared look at a mouse, unless he had his sword in his hand, it would so terrify him. Some persons cannot bear to see spiders, when it is well known others eat them as a luxury. The philosopher Chrysippus had such an aversion to be revered, that if any one bowed to him, he would fall down.

Gustavus

Gustavus Adolphus's father, Charles the Tenth, whose reign was marked with cruelty, killed Banier's father. One day, when Gustavus was hunting with young Banier, he requested him to quit the chace, and ride with him into a wood. When they came to a thick part of it, the king having alighted from his horse, said to Banier, "Your father was
 "a victim to the cruelty of mine. If
 "you wish to revenge his death, kill *me*
 "immediately; if not, be my friend for
 "ever." Banier, overcome by his feelings, and astonished at his magnanimity, threw himself at his feet, and swore eternal friendship for him.



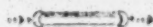
Bishop Hough being much beloved by the gentry and clergy of his diocese, his hospitable table was much frequented. A neighbouring gentleman used often to
 visit

visit him with his lady, she happened to dine there once, when very near lying-in. At dinner, soup was served up in a noble silver tureen. When she came home, she was, or pretended to be, much indisposed. The husband, who was very affectionately attentive to her, requested earnestly to know if she longed for any thing, or what was the cause of her illness. She said she was ashamed to own it, but she longed for the silver tureen she had seen at Bishop Hough's. He would have prevailed with her to have put aside such an unreasonable thought, but she continued for some days so much deranged, and ruffled, that he consented to go to the Bishop, and acquaint him with it. He did so, reluctantly, and with great concern, told his Lordship, he could not reason her out of it. The good Bishop obligingly told him, he would readily gratify his lady

H

with

with any thing in his power, rather than have any ill attend her, and sent the tureen immediately to her, who received it with the greatest joy, and returned her most grateful thanks. When she had lain in, and got pretty well again, the Bishop wrote a very polite letter; in which, after congratulating her on having got abroad, he requested she would return the tureen, as he longed for it back, assuring her, whenever she was in a condition to long for it again, it should be at her service.



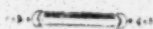
A very abusive satirical libel, in verse, against James the First, and some of the nobility and gentry, being brought to his Majesty, he desired to hear it read: in a short time, he shewed evident marks of discomposure; but, as the reader proceeded, the strokes becoming more acute,

cute, the King often exclaimed, "that
"were there no more men in England,
"the rogue should hang for it;" but
coming to the two concluding lines,

Now God preserve the King, the Queen and
Peers,

And grant the Author long may wear his ears.

they pleased the King so well, that he
broke into a fit of laughter, and said,
"By my soul! and so thou shalt, for me;
"for though a bitter, thou art a very
"witty knave."

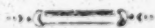


When Captain Grose first went over
to Ireland, his curiosity led him to see
every thing in the capital worth seeing.
In the course of his perambulations, he
one evening strolled into the principal
meat market of Dublin, where the But-
chers, as usual, set up their usual cry of

H 2

"What

“What d’ye buy? What d’ye buy?”
 Grose parried this for some time, by saying, he did not want any thing. At last, a Butcher starts from his stall, and eyeing Grose’s figure from top to bottom, which was not much unlike the idea we form of Dr. Slop’s, exclaimed, “Well sir, though you do not now want any thing; only *say* you buy your meat of me, and you will make my fortune.”



Two gentlemen of high birth, the one a Spaniard, and the other a German, having rendered Maximilian the Second, many great services, they each, for recompense, demanded his natural daughter, Helena, in marriage. The Prince, who entertained the highest respect for both, could not give either the preference, and, after much delay, he told them, that from the claims they both had

had to his attention and regard, he could not give his assent for either of them to marry his daughter, and they must decide it by their own power and address: but as he did not wish to risk the loss of either, or both, by suffering them to fight with offensive weapons, he ordered a large bag to be brought, and he who was successful enough to put his rival into it, should have the Damsel. This strange trial of skill, was in the presence of the whole Imperial court, and lasted near an hour. At length, the Spaniard yielded, and the German, when he had him in the bag, took him on his back, and placed him at the Emperor's feet, for which exploit he obtained the hand of the beautiful Helena.



Dean Swift being once on a journey, attended by a servant, they put up at an

H 3

Inn,

Inn, where they lodged all night ; in the morning, the Dean calling for his boots, the servant took them to him uncleaned. "How is this, Tom?" said he, "my boots are not cleaned." "No, sir," said Tom, "as you were going to ride, I thought they would soon be dirty again." "Very well," returned the Dean, "go and get the horses ready." In the mean time the Dean ordered the landlord not to let Tom have any breakfast. When the servant returned, the Dean asked if the horses were ready, and on being told they were, desired Tom to bring them. "I have not yet had my breakfast, sir;" said Tom. "No matter for that," said the Dean, (looking at his dirty boots) "if you had, you would soon be hungry again."

The Dean and Tom set out shortly after ; and as they rode, the Dean took out
a book

a book and began to read. A gentleman met them, and seeing the Dean reading, was not willing to disturb him; so asked Tom where his master was going. "We are going to heaven," said Tom. "How so," replied the gentleman. "Why, sir," said Tom, "master is praying, and I am fasting, so I think we are in the right road."



Dr. Balguy, a preacher of great celebrity, after having preached an excellent discourse at Winchester Cathedral, the text of which was, "All wisdom is sorrow," received the following elegant compliment from Dr. Wharton, then at Winchester school.

If what you advance, dear Doctor, be true,
That "Wisdom is sorrow," how wretched are you.

The archbishop of Dublin, Craddock, having been suddenly taken ill, and then as suddenly recovered, received the following letter from Lord Buckinghamshire, then Lord Lieutenant, who had not once sent to inquire after him during his illness.

“ My Lord,

“ The inquiries of a Lord Lieutenant, after the health of an archbishop, might be deemed equivocal; but his sincere congratulations on the recovery of a respected friend cannot be misinterpreted.

“ B.”



Mr. Locke, in a letter to Mr. Bold, tells him, “ I have lost many ideas by
 “ their slipping out of my mind. Lord
 “ Bacon says, he advises a man never to
 “ go

" go without pen, ink, and paper about
 " him, to write down the thoughts of
 " the moment. I must own I have often
 " omitted it, and often repented it. The
 " thoughts that come unsought are com-
 " monly the most valuable, and should
 " be secured, because they seldom re-
 " turn,"



A clergyman being once among a
 company of young folks who were di-
 verting themselves with the innocent
 amusement of riddles and puzzling
 questions, was unwilling to disturb the
 tranquillity of the happy party, by omit-
 ting in his turn to propose some enigma
 or conundrum. He therefore, after a
 minute's pause, asked them the follow-
 ing question: " What will fifteen ne-
 " groes *come to*, supposing them worth
 " £85 per man?" Out came all the
 H 5 pencils

pencils in a moment, and the sum was soon calculated. The good clergyman having much praised their cleverness, thus addressed them. "My dear children, I am unwilling to damp your pleasure by a serious reflection at a time like this; but if you had attentively considered my question, you would doubtless have replied with a sigh; conscious, that let their value be ever so great, they will all *come to—dust.*"



A CONVERSATION BETWEEN ORATOR
HENLEY AND AN ATTORNEY.

Attorney. I remember the man well; I think he went to the West Indies, and settled at Ceylon, in one of our islands.

Henley. In the first place, Ceylon is no island of ours; and in the next, not in the West Indies, but in the East.

Attorney.

Attorney. I deny that.

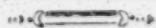
Henley. More shame for you; a boy of ten years old knows it.

Attorney. Well, I thank God I know nothing of East or West, I am no great geographer.

Henley. Then you thank God for your ignorance.

Attorney. (*Angry.*) Yes, I do.

Henley. You have then much to be thankful for.



One morning, Otway happened to call upon Dryden, (who lived opposite to him in Fetter-Lane,) at breakfast time; but was told by his servant, his master was gone to breakfast with the Earl of Pembroke. "Very well," said Otway, "tell your master I will call to-morrow." The next morning he called, according to his promise. "Well, is your master

"at home *now*?" said he to the servant. "No sir, he is gone to breakfast with the Duke of Buckinghamshire," said the servant. Otway, whether actuated by envy, pride, or disappointment, then took up a piece of chalk, which lay on the table, and wrote over the door, as he went out,

"Here lives Dryden, a poet and a wit."

The next morning Dryden recognized the hand-writing, and told the servant to go to Mr. Otway, and desire his company to breakfast with him; in the mean time he wrote with the same piece of chalk, underneath Otway's line of

"Here lives Dryden, a poet and a wit,"

This was written by Otway, *opposite*.

This however offended Otway, who told him he might keep his wit and his breakfast to himself.

CURIOS

CURIOUS DERIVATION OF THE WORD
CUCUMBER.

The word cucumber is derived from the Saxon, cucumherbe: cucum signifying quick; and herba, herb. Called so from its coming up so soon after the sowing of it; that is, within two or three days, if the seeds be steeped and prepared before-hand, otherwise in seven days at farthest. The similarity of its appellations in various languages is worthy notice.

In Belgic, or low Dutch - - - Koncommer.

Teutonic, German, or high Dutch { Cucúmrén.
Cucúmern.

French - - - - - Concombre.

Italian - - - - - Cocomero.

Spanish - - - - - { Cohombro.
Cogombro.
Cohumbro.

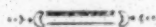
Latin - - - - - { Cucumis.
Cucumer.

When

When Lord Melcombe's name was plain *Bubb*, he was intended by the administration to be sent ambassador to Spain. While this matter was in contemplation, Lord Chesterfield met him, and touching on the proposed embassy, told Bubb he did not think him by any means, a fit person to be representative of the crown of England at the Spanish court. Bubb begged to know the ground of his objection. "Why," said his lordship, "your name is too short; "*Bubb! Bubb!*—Do you think the "*Spaniards*, who pride themselves in "*the length of their titles*, will suppose "*a man can possess any dignity or importance*, with a name of one syllable, which is pronounced in a second? "*No*, my friend, you must not think "*of Spain*, unless you lengthen your "*name.*" Bubb desired to know how that could be done. Lord Chesterfield,

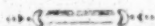
pausing

pausing a moment, exclaimed, "I have
 " it! what do you think of calling your-
 " self *Silly-Bubb?*"



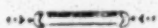
Lully, on performing his grand "Te
 " Deum," on the recovery of Louis
 XIV. met an accident that brought him
 to his grave. In beating time with his
 foot, he struck his toe so violently, that
 a swelling ensued, and his physician ad-
 vised him to lose his toe, and presently
 after, his leg. His confessor assured
 him, that if he did not burn the music
 of his new opera, he would not give
 him absolution. With reluctance, the
 penitent pointed to a drawer, which con-
 tained some airs of his Achilles and Po-
 lixena. "There father," said he, "take
 " them and burn them." Lully soon
 after, grew better, and thought himself
 out of danger. One of the princes of
 the

the blood, who was extremely fond of his music, paid him a visit, and reproached him for burning his new opera. "My lord," said Lully, whispering the prince, "I knew what I was about, I have another copy of it."



Mrs. Piozzi, one evening reading in her closet, was much alarmed at seeing the candlestick suddenly jump off the table, and a hissing fire run along the floor, which, after a short time, left a piece of paper much burnt on the ground. She sat considering, for some little time, what could be the cause of the event; she knew the doors and windows were fast, and that there was no other way by which fire could enter, than down the chimney; but that any thing from thence could have struck the candle off the table in so strange a manner,

ner, was almost impossible. After she had wearied herself to no purpose with reflection, she rang the bell. When the servant was told what had happened, he begged pardon for having by mistake given a mould candle with a gunpowder squib in it, which was intended to make sport in the kitchen on a rejoicing day.



A sailor on board a ship of war being frequently drunk, the Captain assured him, the next time he was guilty of that offence, he should be severely whipped; and at the same time forbad the purser, and indeed all in the ship, letting him have any liquor. Shortly after, the fellow appeared very drunk. How he got the liquor, no one could guess. The Captain resolved to find out and punish the person who had thus disobeyed his orders,

orders, promised to forgive him, if he would tell from whom he got the liquor. After some hesitation, he hiccupped out, "Why, please your honour, I tapped "the Governor;" by which he meant, he had stolen some of the arrack in which the body of an East-India Governor was bringing home in the ship for interment in England.



Dean Swift knew an old woman of the name of Margaret Styles, who was much addicted to drinking. Though frequently admonished by him, he one day found her at the bottom of a ditch, with a bundle of sticks, with which, being in her old way, she had tumbled in. The dean, after severely rebuking her, asked her, "Where she thought of "going to?" (meaning after her death.) "I'll tell you sir," said she, "if you'll
"help

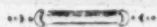
"help me up." When he had assisted her, and repeated his question.—Where "do I think of going too!" said she, "where's the best liquor, to be sure."



A country squire having performed some trifling service for an East-India friend in town, received a letter acknowledging the favour, and promising to send him an *Equivalent*. He, seeing a long word beginning with an *E*, and ending with a *t*, thought of course, the present intended was an *Elephant*. Big with expectation, and having at the time some improvements to make, he built a very commodious shed, with every necessary appendage, which was just finished, as the arrival of a couple of barrels of oysters explained the mistake.

Frederic

Frederic Morel was translating Libanius, when some one came and told him his wife was very ill, and wished to speak with him. "I have only two periods to translate," said he, "and then I will come and see her." A second messenger informed him, she was at the point of death. "I have but two words more;" said he, "return to her, I shall be there as soon as you." A third servant now came in with the tidings of her death. "I am very sorry," he exclaimed, "she was a good woman!"



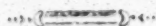
Alexander Kellet, Esq. who died not long since at Bath, was a man of abilities, which he often employed in what is called *humbugging* the public. One of his marvellous stories was of a French surgeon at Georgia, who, being taken prisoner

prisoner by the Indians, who had learned of the French to lard their provisions, determined to lard the first Frenchman they could catch, and roast him alive; but during the operation, when the man was half *bacon'd*, they were surprised by an enemy, when the surgeon made his escape into the woods, and lived many days upon the bacon he had in his skin.



On the window of an inn was observed the following lines in four languages.

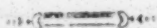
In questa casa trouver te,
 Tout ce qu'on peut souhaiter;
 Vinum, panem, pisces, carnes,
 Coaches, chaises, horses, harness.



About thirty years ago, two brothers went to Jamaica: they were by trade, blacksmiths.

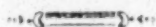
blacksmiths. Finding, soon after their arrival, they could do nothing without a little money to begin with, but that with sixty or eighty pounds, they might be able, with industry, to get on a little, they hit upon the following novel and ingenious expedient. One of them stripped the other naked, shaved him close, and blacked him from head to foot. This being done, he took him to one of the negro-dealers, who, after viewing and approving his stout athletic appearance, advanced eighty pounds currency upon the bill of sale, and prided himself on the purchase, supposing him to be one of the finest negroes on the island. The same evening, this new manufactured negro made his escape to his brother, washed himself clean, and resumed his former appearance. Rewards were in vain offered in hand-bills, pursuit was eluded, and discovery, by care and precaution,

caution, rendered impracticable. The brothers with the money commenced business, and actually returned to England, not many years since, with a fortune of several thousand pounds. Previous, however, to their departure from the island, they waited upon the gentleman from whom they had received the money, and recalling the circumstance of the negro to his recollection, paid him both principal and interest with thanks.



A poor man in Paris being very hungry, staid so long near a cook's shop, where they were dressing meat, that his stomach was actually satisfied by the smell of it. The choleric cook demanded payment for his breakfast; the poor man refused; and the controversy was referred to the first man who should pass by. On the relation of the cause, he gravely

gravely decreed, that the man should jingle his money between two plates as long as he had staid; and thus pay the cook's *ears*, for the benefit his *nose* had received.

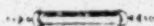


In a dispute between a Frenchman and an Englishman about inventions, the Frenchman claimed precedence. "Why now," said he, "the ruffle for instance; we invented that most elegant and fashionable ornament." "A-greed," replied the Englishman; "but far more merit belongs to the improvement we have made on it: we have added a *shirt*."



An Englishman being in France, the master of the house told him, whatever he wanted would be brought him,
"only,"

“only,” said he, “dites le.” He added, “if you would eat, say *quoi*; and when “you would go any where, say *ou*. The Englishman soon after wanting pen, ink, and paper, said, “*le, le*.” When he wanted dinner, he cried out “*quoi*, “*quoi*.” And wishing to ride out, he bawled out, “*ou, ou*.” No one answering either of these summonses, he flew at the master in a rage, “Have I “not,” said he, “knave! cried out *le*, “*quoi*, and *ou*, and all to no effect?”

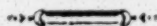


Lord Bacon says, past scenes are generally remembered with a solemn sadness, caused by the thought that the time is gone which will never return:—Our days must be well and profitably spent, if we would remember them with pleasure.

I

There

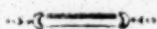
There is a traditional anecdote concerning Mr. Boyle, that he used to have it sometimes inscribed over his door, "Mr. Boyle is not to be spoken with, to-day." This was certainly very proper in one who was often engaged in processes of the utmost importance, and which required an unremitting attention. Indeed, if literary men in general could find a rational method of preventing the interruption of needless morning visitants, it would be of service to the prosecution of many useful designs.



After the battle of Senef, which the great Condé had, 1664, against the Prince of Orange, he went to pay his respects to the King. Louis XIV. happening to be on the top of the stair-case when the Prince was going up, who moved slowly on account of his gout.

"I beg

"I beg your Majesty's pardon," said he,
 "for making you wait." "Do not hur-
 "ry yourself, Cousin," replied the King,
 "no man can walk fast, so loaded with
 "laurels as you are."



Bishop Latimer having one day preached before King Henry the Eighth a sermon which had displeased his Majesty, he was ordered to preach again on the next Sunday, and to make an apology for the offence he had given. After naming his text, the good Bishop thus began his sermon. "Hugh Latimer, "dost thou know before whom thou art "this day to speak? To the High "and Mighty Monarch, the King's "Most Excellent Majesty, who can take "away thy life if thou offendest; there- "fore take heed that thou speakest not a "word that may displease. But then
 I 2 "consider

“ consider well, Hugh, dost thou not
 “ know from whence thou comest, upon
 “ whose message thou art sent ? Even by
 “ the great and mighty God ! who is all-
 “ present ; and who beholdeth all thy
 “ ways ; and who is able to cast thy soul
 “ into Hell, therefore take care thou de-
 “ liverest thy message faithfully.” He
 then proceeded with the same sermon he
 had preached the preceding Sunday, but
 with considerably more energy. The
 sermon ended, the court were full of ex-
 pectation to know what would be the
 fate of this honest and plain-dealing Bi-
 shop. After dinner, the King calls for
 Latimer, and, with a stern countenance,
 asked him, “ How he dared be so bold
 “ as to preach in such a manner ?” He,
 falling on his knees, replied, “ His duty
 “ to his God, and his Prince, had en-
 “ forced him thereunto, and that he had
 “ merely discharged his duty and his
 : “ conscience

“conscience in what he had spoken.”—
Upon which, the King rising from his
seat, and taking the good man by the
hand, embraced him, saying, “Blessed
“be God, I have so honest a servant!”



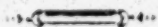
A painter being employed to represent
some Cherubim and Seraphim in a coun-
try church, made them with very long
melancholy faces, and being asked his
reason for so doing by the rector of the
parish, answered, “I have your own
“words for the propriety of it, have I
“not heard you say, a thousand times,
“that Cherubim and Seraphim continu-
“ally do cry?”



Most of the following related by the late Lord Orford.

Lord *** being out of town, his house
was left in charge of a female servant,
The plate was lodged at the banker's. A

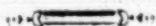
letter came, to say that his Lordship would be in town on such a day, and desired the plate might be got ready the evening before. The servant took the letter to my Lord's brother, who said, there was no doubt of the hand-writing. The banker expressed the same certainty, and delivered the plate. The servant being apprehensive of thieves, spoke to their butcher, who lent her a stout dog, which was shut up in the room with the plate. Next morning a man was found dead in the room, his throat being torn by the dog; and, upon examination, it proved to be my Lord's brother,—The matter, however, was carefully hushed, and a report spread that he was gone abroad,



Mr. Pennant was a most ingenious and pleasing writer; his tours display a great variety of knowledge, expressed in an engaging

gaging way. In private life, I am told, he had some particularities, and even eccentricities. Among the latter may be classed, his singular antipathy to a wig; which, however, he could suppress till reason yielded a little to wine, for when this was the case, off went the wig next to him, and into the fire. Dining once at Chester with an officer who wore a wig, Mr. Pennant became half-seas over; a friend, however, placed himself between them to prevent mischief. After much patience, and many a wistful look, Pennant started up, seized the wig, and threw it into the fire. It was in flames in a moment, and so was the officer, who drew his sword. Down stairs ran Pennant, and the officer after him, through most of the streets in Chester, but Pennant escaped from superior local knowledge. A wag called this, "Pennant's tour through Chester."

Once, walking in his grounds, the good effect of the passengers on a foot-path beyond, was observed as figures in the landscape. Mr. Walpole answered, "True, I have no objection to passengers, provided they pass."

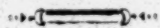


A stupid story, or idea, will sometimes make one laugh more than wit. I was once removing from Berkeley-square to Strawberry-hill, and had sent off all my books, when a message unexpectedly arrived, which fixed me in town for that afternoon. What to do? I desired my man to rummage for a book, and he brought me an old Grub-street thing, from the garret. The author, in sheer ignorance, not humour, discoursing on the difficulty of some pursuit, said, that "even if a man had as many lives as a cat, nay, as many lives as one *Plutarch*,

"*tarch* is said to have had, he could
"not accomplish it." This *quid pro*
quo, surprised me into vehement laugh-
ter.



Lady *** is fond of stupid stories.—
She repeats one of a Welch scullion-
wench, who, on hearing the servants
speak of new moons, asked, gravely,
what became of all the *old* moons.



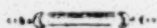
The Duke of Orleans, the Regent,
had four daughters, distinguished by the
names of the four cardinal sins. A wag
wrote on their mother's tomb, "Cy gist
"L'oisiveté." "Here lies Idleness."
Which, you know is termed the mother of
all the vices.

Mr. Gosling, a clergyman, of Canterbury, was, I am told, the writer of an admirable parody on the noted grammatical line,

"*Bifrons atque Custos, Bos, Fur, Sus, atque Sacerdos.*"

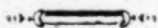
It runs thus,

Bifrons, ever when he preaches ;
Custos, of what in his reach is ,
Bos, among his neighbours wives ;
Fur, when gathering his tithes ;
Sus, at every parish feast ;
 On Sunday, *Sacerdos*, a Priest.

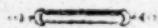


The Countess of Suffolk had married Mr. Howard; and they were so poor, that they took a resolution of going to Hanover before the death of Queen Ann, in order to pay their court to the future royal family. Such was their poverty, that having invited some friends to dinner, and being disappointed of a small remittance,

remittance, she was forced to sell her hair to furnish the entertainment. Long wigs were then in fashion ; and her hair being fine, long, and fair, produced twenty pounds.

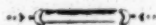


Charles II. hearing a high character of a preacher in the country, attended one of his sermons. Expressing his dissatisfaction, one of the courtiers replied, that the preacher was applauded to the skies by his congregation. " Aye," observed the King, " I suppose *his* nonsense suits *their* nonsense."

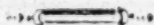


Regularly after breakfast, in the summer season at least, Mr. Walpole used to mix bread and milk in a large bason, and throw it out at the window of his sitting-room for the squirrels, who soon

after came down from the high trees to enjoy their allowance. This instance of tameness and confidence led to one more remarkable ; related by Mr. W.

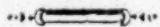


When I visited the old Earl of Pembroke, at Milton, he would always before dinner, cut a slice of bread into small dice, and spread them on the chimney-piece of the dining-room. I was surprised at this ceremony, till I saw a number of mice creep from invisible crevices, and partake of the Earl's unusual hospitality.



Fontenelle was very deaf in his old age, and was always attended in company by his nephew, a talkative, vain, young man. When any thing remarkable had escaped Fontenelle's auditory nerve,

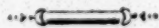
nerve, he used to apply to his nephew, "What was said?" The coxcomb would often answer, "Uncle, I said." — "bah!" was the constant retort of the philosopher.



William, Duke of Cumberland, gave promises of talents that were never accomplished. One day he had given some offence to his royal mother, and was remanded to the confinement of his chamber. After what the Queen thought a sufficient duration of his punishment, she sent for him. He returned in a very sullen humour. "What have you been doing?" said the Queen, "Reading." "What book?" "The New Testament." Very well; "What part?" Where it is written,—"Woman! Why troublest thou me?"

Sir

Sir John Germain, ancestor of Lady Betty Germain, was a Dutch adventurer, who came over here in the reign of Charles II. He had an intrigue with a Countess, who was divorced, and married him. This man was so ignorant, that being told that Sir Matthew Decker wrote St. Matthew's Gospel, he firmly believed it. I doubted this tale very much, till I asked a lady of quality, his descendant, about it, who told me it was most true. She added, that Sir John Germain was, in consequence, so much persuaded of Sir Matthew's piety, that by his will he left two hundred pounds to Sir Matthew, to be distributed among the Dutch paupers in London.

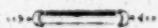


A married French lady, who had an intrigue, insisted on having her lover's portrait. He remonstrated on her absurdity,

surdity, and said it would be proclaiming their amour. "Oh," said she, "but to prevent a discovery, it shall not be drawn like you."

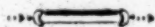


When Lord Townsend was secretary of state to George the First, some city dames came to visit his lady, with whom she was little acquainted. Meaning to be mighty civil, and return their visits, she asked one of them where she lived. The other replied, near Aldermanbury. "I hope," said Lady Townsend, "the Alderman is well."



A certain Earl having beaten Anthony Henley, at Tunbridge, for some impertinence, the next day found Henley beating another person. The peer congratulated

gratulated Henley on that acquisition of spirit. "O, my Lord," replied Henley, "your Lordship and I know who "to beat."



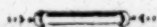
Lord William Poulet, though often Chairman of the Committees of the House of Commons, was a great dunce, and could scarce read. Being to read a bill for naturalizing Jemima, Duchess of Kent; he called her Jeremiah, Duchess of Kent.

Having heard south walls commended for ripening fruit, he shewed all the four sides of his garden for south walls.



A pamphlet called, "The Snake in the Grass," being reported (probably in joke) to be written by Lord William Poulet,

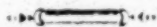
Poulet, a gentleman abused in it sent him a challenge. Lord William protested his innocence, and that he was not the author, but the gentleman would not be satisfied without a denial under his hand. Lord William took a pen and began: "This is to scratify that the buk called "the Snak"—"Oh, my Lord!" said "the person, "I am satisfied; your "lordship has already convinced me "you did not write the book."



The Duchess Dowager of Bolton, who was natural daughter to the Duke of Monmouth, used to divert George the First, by affecting to make blunders. Once, when she had been at a play called "Love's last Shift," she called it, "*La dernière chemise de l'amour*,"

Another

Another time she pretended to come to court in a great fright; and the King asking the cause, she said she had been at Mr. Whiston's, who told her the world would be burnt in three years; and so she was determined to go to China.



“ I will give you,” says Lord Orford, “ what I call the king of bulls. An “ Irish Baronet walking out with a gentleman, who told me the story, was “ met by his nurse, who asked charity. “ The Baronet exclaimed vehemently, “ I will give you nothing, you played “ me a scandalous trick in my infancy.” The old woman in amazement, asked him what injury she had done him. “ He answered, “ I was a fine boy, “ and you changed me.” In this bull, even personal identity is confounded.

A great

A great inundation having taken place in the north of Italy, owing to an excessive fall of snow in the Alps, followed by a speedy thaw, the river Adige carried off a bridge near Verona, except the middle part, on which was the house of the toll-gatherer, or porter, I forget which, and who, with his whole family, thus remained imprisoned by the waves, and in momentary danger of destruction. They were discovered from the banks, stretching forth their hands, screaming, and imploring succour, while fragments of this remaining arch were continually dropping into the water. In this extreme danger, a nobleman, who was present, held out a purse of a hundred sequins, as a reward to any adventurer who would take boat, and deliver this unhappy family. But the risk was so great, of being borne down by the rapidity of the stream, of being dashed against the fragments

ments of the bridge, or of being crushed by the falling stones, that not one, in the vast number of spectators, had courage enough to attempt such an exploit. A peasant passing along, was informed of the proposed reward. Immediately jumping into a boat, he, by strength of oars, gained the middle of the river, brought his boat under the pile, and the whole family safely descended by a rope. "Courage," cried he, "now you are safe." By a still more strenuous effort, and great strength of arm, he brought the boat and family to shore. "Brave fellow!" exclaimed the nobleman, handing the purse to him, "here is the promised recompense." "I shall never expose my life for money," answered the peasant, "my labour is a sufficient livelihood for myself, my wife, and children; give the purse to this poor family who has lost all."

During

During the recent unpleasant situation of affairs in Ireland, a watch-word was required of every passenger after a certain hour; with liberty for the centinel to interrogate at will.—A poor harmless Irishman travelling from Kilmainey to Kilmore, being asked concerning his place of departure, and place of destination, answered, to the astonishment of the inquirer, “I have been to kill-many, and am going to kill-more.” “That you shall not,” said the centinel, and immediately run him through with his bayonet.



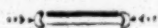
SERIOUS EFFECT FROM A TRIVIAL ERROR
IN SPELLING.

A gentleman, whose orthography was not always entirely correct, wrote to his correspondent in the East Indies, to send him

him *too* monkies with all possible haste. He had a pleasant country seat, and he intended them as play-things for his children, to divert them in their retirement. He waited in daily expectation (after an interval of a few months,) of their arrival; when one evening, to the great joy of the children, a waggon stopped at the gate. A letter being delivered, was read aloud as follows:—"Sir, as there was not accommodation for more than 50 monkies, on board the first vessel, I send them with all possible expedition, and you may depend on receiving the remaining 50 by the next conveyance."

—The correspondent had in his haste interpreted the word *too* as 100; but the mistake was past remedy; the little animals flocked in shoals over the garden and house, in spite of the repeated lamentations of the unfortunate scribe; and garrets, chamber, and cellar, underwent

derwent a thorough rummage, by this little army of savages, before they were subdued by the united force of the family. I need not add, a letter was dispatched with all speed, to prevent a second supply.



The Editor of the Rational Humourist thinks he cannot better conclude the Prose department, than by the following anecdote, extracted from the Rev. Mr. Lyson's "Environs of London."

"The following account of a Canada goose is so extraordinary, that I am aware it would with difficulty gain credit, was not a whole parish able to vouch for the truth of it. The Canada geese are not fond of a poultry-yard, but are rather of a rambling disposition. One of these birds was observed, however,

to attach itself in the strongest and most affectionate manner to the house-dog, would never quit the kennel, except for the purpose of feeding, when it would return again immediately. It always sat by the dog, but never presumed to go into the kennel, except in rainy weather. Whenever the dog barked, the goose would cackle, and run at the person she supposed the dog barked at, and try to bite him by the heels. Sometimes, she would endeavour to feed with the dog; but this, the dog, who treated his faithful companion rather with indifference, would not suffer. The bird would not go to roost with the others at night, unless driven by main force, and when in the morning she was turned into the field, she would never stir from the yard-gate, but sit there the whole day in sight of the dog. At last, orders were given that she should be no longer molested,

lest, but suffered to accompany the dog as she liked. Being thus left to herself, she ran about the yard with him all night; and what is particularly extraordinary, and can be attested by the whole parish, whenever the dog went out of the yard, and ran into the village, the goose always accompanied him, contriving to keep up with him by the assistance of her wings, and in this way of running and flying, followed him all over the parish. This extraordinary affection of the goose towards the dog, which continued till his death, (two years after it was first observed), was supposed to have originated from his having accidentally saved her from a fox in the very moment of distress. While the dog was ill, the goose never quitted him day or night, or even to feed; and it was apprehended she would have been starved to death, had not orders been

K

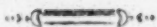
given

given for a pan of corn to be set every day close to the kennel. At this time, the goose generally sat *in* the kennel, and would not suffer any one to approach it, except the person who brought the dog's, or her own food. The end of this faithful bird was melancholy; for, when the dog died, she would still keep possession of the kennel, and a new house dog being introduced, which in size and colour resembled the former, the poor goose was unhappily deceived; and, going into the kennel as usual, the new inhabitant seized her by the throat, and killed her.



FRENCH

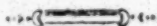
lettre par cette anagramme, *est vir qui adest.*



Un Paysan qui avoit un proces au parlement de Bourdeaux, étoit venu chez le premier président de ce parlement, pour lui présenter un placet. Ce paysan étoit dans un antichambre, qui attendoit depuis trois heures. Enfin le premier président vint à passer, et trouva ce Paysan fort attentif à considérer un portrait où il y avoit quatre P. au bas, qui signifioient, *Pierre Pontac, Premier Président.* “Eh bien! mon “ami,” lui dit ce magistrat, “que pense- “tu que désignent ces quatres lettres?” “Monseigneur,” lui repondit le Paysan, “il n’est pas difficile au bout de “trois heures, d’en deviner l’explication; elles signifient, *pauvre plaideur,* “prends patience.”

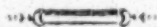
La

La Cacophonie est un vice d'élocution produit par la rencontre de plusieurs mots d'où il résulte un son désagréable. En voici un instance. Un magistrat, en ordonnant, pendant les guerres civiles de Paris, qu'on tendit promptement une chaîne dans une rue, cria, " Qu'attend-
" on dont tant ? que ne la tend-on dont
" tot ? "



Quelqu'un, pour se moquer d'un provincial, cherchoit à lui faire des questions singulières. Il lui demanda un jour en compagnie ; " Qu'est-ce qu'une
" obole, une faribole, et une parabole ? " Le provincial, sans se déconcerter, lui répondit : " Une parabole est ce que
" vous n'entendez pas ; une faribole est
" ce que vous dites ; et une obole est
" ce que vous valez. "

On peut encore citer comme une anagramme heureuse, celle qu'on a imaginée sur le meurtrier de Henry III. *Frère de Jaques Clement*. Ces lettres combinées, portent, “ *c'est l'enfer qui m'a crée.*”



On jouoit un jour une tragédie dont les deux premiers actes, on n'avoit vu paroître aucun personnage de femme. Mais au commencement du troisième, deux princesses, chacune avec sa confidente se présentèrent sur la scene. On entendit aussi-tôt du milieu du parterre une voix aigre et perçante, qui cria : “ Quatorze de dames, sont ils bons ? ” Je n'en fallut davantage pour exciter une risée générale, et empêcher que la pièce ne fut achevée.

On

On raporte que la première fois qu'on représenta "Argelie," de l'Abeille, l'actrice chargée d'un rôle de princesse, étant demeurée court après avoir récité ce vers

"Vous souvient-il, my sœur, du feu Roi mon père?"

Un spectateur du parterre répliqua par cet autre vers de la comédie de "Jodelot,"

"Ma foi, s'il m'en souvient, il ne m'en souvient guère."



Un négociant à qui on faisoit signer l'extrait baptistaire d'un de ses enfans, signa *Pierre et Compagne*. Il ne s'aperçut de sa sottise que par la risée générale qu'elle excita.



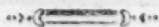
Une princesse vouloit, par honnêteté, dire quelque chose à une jeune dame

K 4

venue



venue pour lui faire sa cour. Elle lui demanda combien elle avoit d'enfans. " J'en ai trois," lui répondit cette dame. A un quart-d'heure delà, cette princesse dont l'attention n'étoit pas beaucoup occupée par un pareil entretien, demanda une seconde fois, combien elle avoit d'enfans ? " Comme je n'ai pas accouché," lui répondit elle, " depuis que " vous m'avez fait l'honneur de me le " demander, je n'en ai encore que trois." Cette reponse libre et plaisante, réveilla l'attention de la princesse, qui ne manquoit pas d'esprit, et la jeune dame en reçut mille amitiés.



Le commandeur Fourbin de Janson, étant à un repas avec le célèbre Boileau, entreprit le turlupiner sur son nom. " Quel nom," dites-il, " portez vous- " la ? " " Boileau." " J'aimerois bien " mieux



“ mieux m'appeller Boivin.” Ce poëte lui répondit sur le même ton : “ et vous
“ Monsieur, quel nom avez-vous choi-
“ si ? ” “ Janson.” “ Je préférerois
“ d'être nomme Jeanfarine ; la farine,
“ ne vaut-elle pas mieux que le son ? ”



POETRY

POETRY.

*A Burlesque Sonnet to a Moft-stick ; extracted from
a very pleasant Satiric Novel, called Azemia.*

Straight remnant of the spiry birchen bough,
That o'er the streamlet wont perchance to quake
Thy many twinkling leaves ; and, bending low,
Behold thy white rind dancing on the lake ;
How doth thy present state, poor stick ! Awake
My pathos ; for, alas ! e'en stript as thou,
May be my beating breast, if e'er forsake
Philisto this poor heart, and break his vow.
So musing, on I fare with many a sigh,
And meditating then, on times long past,
To thee, torn pole ! I look with tearful eye,
As all beside the floor-soil'd pall thou'rt cast ;
And my sad thoughts, while I behold thee twirl'd,
Turn on the twistings of this troublous world.

EPIGRAM.

EPIGRAM.

*On reading the Story of Ulysses' Escape from the
Sirens.*

When Emily, sweet maid, appears,
More dang'rous charms surprise;
What then avails to stop our ears,
Unless we shut our eyes?

The Worm Doctor.

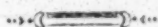
Vagus, advanc'd on high, proclaims his skill,
By cures of wond'rous force, the worms to kill:
A scornful ear the wiser sort impart,
And laugh at Vagus's pretended art;
But well can Vagus what he boasts, perform,
For man, as Job has told us, is a worm.

An old Saying misapplied.

One, who when ask'd could not comply,
Exclaim'd, "I've other fish to fry."

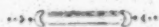
A French

A Frenchman, who o'erheard the saying,
 Soon misapply'd it, this odd way in :
 " I would do that vich you do vish ;
 " But I must go and fry some fish."



A Reply to an old Saying.

" Handsome is he that handsome doth."
 Can't one be good and handsome both ?



A Pair of Gloves.

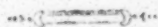
A pair of gloves, though you my fair,
 While sleeping chose to take ;
 I'd willing lose another pair,
 But, come when I'm awake.

So plain an argument as this,
 Who can refuse to take ?
 Asleep you only waste the kiss,
 'Tis not so when awake.

Who can the sweetest kiss discern,
 Asleep, though ten you take ?
 But who would not a kiss return,
 When given him awake ?

*On seeing a Brandy-Fault under the Quakers'
Meeting in Lombard-Street.*

You ask me why quakers are moved by the spirit,
My son, a shrewd fellow, supposes
Necessity urges, they make it a merit,
Because it lies under their noses.



*On beholding Two worthless Cowards challenge
each other in Drury-Lane Theatre.*

When honour's subdivided pains,
Create a social jest;
The Dole who wrangles by such rules;
Becomes a public jest.

In Drury's lobby, Tom and Dick,
Pull'd each the other's nose;
Yet if or Tom or Dick was right,
Pray who the devil knows.

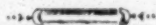
"I am a Gentleman," cried Dick;
"And so," quoth Tom, "am I."
Each strove to hide his trembling heart,
While each roar'd out, "You lie."

Said Dick, "I'm cousin to Lord Cog."
Said Tom, "I roll in riches;"
Dick knit his black patrician brow,
And Tom pull'd up his — breeches.

On

Now

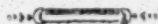
Now if this palsied twain should meet,
 Impell'd by common sneers ;
 If either, or if both were shot,
 Pray who the devil cares ?



On the Fall in the Price of Gin.

Says Parson to Toby, " I'm shock'd at the sight,
 " So often your spirits are sinking ;
 " In riot, and folly, so much you delight,
 " And still take such pleasure in drinking."

Says Toby to Parson, " I'll puzzle you quick,
 " Of this paradox shew me the merits ;
 " Gin now is so *cheap*, that tho' sometimes I'm sick,
 " I am gayest when full of *low spirits*."



REPARTEE.

A buck chanc'd to meet a young beautiful maid,
 Her cheek like the rose in full blossom array'd ;
 And said, with significant nod,
 (While drawing her veil with great boldness aside),
 " By G—d! ma'am you're painted !" " 'tis true,"
 she replied ;
 " I am indeed painted ————by G—d."

REASONS

REASONS FOR MELANCHOLY,

OR,

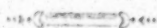
Question and Answer.

Q. Poor honest Dame, what makes you look
so sad ?

A. Alas ! Alas ! my husband's very *bad*.

Q. Poor Doctor, what disaster has befall :

A. Alas ! my Patients all continue *well*.



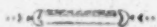
To a bad Poet.

Your verses, friend, I think with you,

Surpassing all in one sense ;

Downright and *sound*, you said, 'tis true ;

All *sound*, and *downright* nonsense.



IMPROMPTU.

*On a Lady having told the Author she valued
him not " Three skips of a Louse."*

A Lady once told me, and in her own house,
She cared not about me " three skips of a louse."

I forgive the dear creature, whatever she said,
For Ladies will talk of *what runs in their head*.

T.

To the Memory of DR. FOTHERGILL.

BY DR. AIKIN.

O friend of Human kind! benignant sage!
 Whose clear sagacious thoughts so oft has quell'd
 The rage of dire disease; whose ample mind
 Drew its rich stores from Nature's genuine source;
 May grateful Medicine, sorrowing for her loss,
 Thy memory ever cherish; may thy name
 From Nature's votary call the tender sigh,
 As musing, 'mid thy favorite plants he roves.

* This was inscribed on a stone in the garden of
 Charles White, Esq. at Sale, near Manchester, near
 a flower called Linnaeus Fothergilia.



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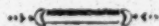
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WITH NOTES

AND OCCASIONAL ANECDOTES.



Non ego mordaci distinxì carmine quenquam

Nulla venenato est litera mista joco.

OLD

Nor scandal dread, nor fulsome panegyric,
'Tis harmless, and but playfully satyric.



PRICE HALF-A-CROWN.



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